UNCLE SAM HAS A BOOK, BY BURTON RASCOE

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"ISOLATED AMERICA"
By Raymond Leslie Buell
and
"A FOREIGN POLICY FOR AMERICA"
By Charles A. Beard

"A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND"
By Jonathan Daniels
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"TURKEY AT THE STRAITS"
By James T. Shotwell and Francis Deak
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

JONATHAN DANIELS "exhibits a tolerance, a humor, and a friendly sympathetic interest" . . . *(See page 7)*

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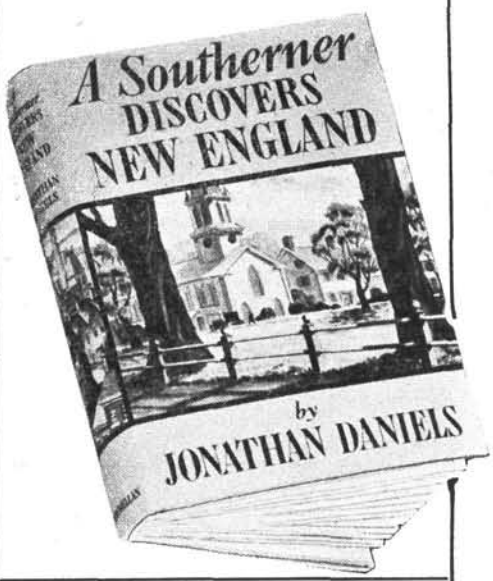

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by Jonathan Daniels

author of A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH

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Uncle Sam Has A Book

BURTON RASCOE

THE Library of Congress in Washington owns a Gutenberg Bible.

It cost the taxpayers of the United States $1,500,000 in 1930; for it was the keystone of a collection of incunabula (*i.e.*, examples of printing done before 1501 A.D.)—some of the identical items of which had previously been offered for sale at a dollar or less apiece—and the collection was offered for sale to the United States only as a unit.

For purposes of the sale, the Gutenberg Bible (which is one of the twelve copies printed on vellum that are known to exist) was unofficially appraised in 1930 (the year of the sale) at $600,000. The highest previous price for a vellum Gutenberg was $50,000 in 1911, paid for the Hoe-Huntington copy, now in the Huntington Library. (The Morgan Library also owns two Gutenberg Bibles, printed on paper.) However, the late Mrs. Edward S. Harkness paid $104,000 in 1928 for the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible printed on paper, which she presented to the Yale University library which bears his name. That was the highest price, at the time, ever paid for any book.

Besides the Gutenberg Bible there are 2999 other examples of incunabula in the Library of Congress collection. Some of these are single sheets, like notices of a sheriff's sale or handbills of a farmers' auction. At an appraised valuation of $900,000, that would set the average price of the items of incunabula, exclusive of the Gutenberg Bible, at $300 apiece. Many of them, as has been noted, were purchased by the seller at a dollar each; and, whereas there are some items in the collection, besides the Gutenberg Bible, that are genuine rarities on which collectors would set a considerable value, it is the consensus of opinion among rare book dealers that in the present market $150,000 would be the utmost one could expect the collection to bring if offered at public auction.

The sale was consummated in one of the most masterly demonstrations

Mural by Edward Laning, depicting Gutenberg showing a page of his Bible to his patron, was painted for the New York Public Library under the New York City WPA Project. It was unveiled last month.

of high-pressure salesmanship the world has ever seen. It was voluntarily promoted and advanced by a spectacular lobby of some of the most eminent personages in the country—university presidents, college and public librarians, teachers, publishers, editors, politicians, collectors and rare book dealers. There can be no doubt that most, if not all, of the more than 200 prominent men and women, who lent the weight of their testimony and belief, by letter, telegram and personal appearance in advocacy of the bill appropriating the $1,500,000, were perfectly sincere in their statements, actuated by patriotic and cultural motives, completely well-intentioned, duped and misled by the seller, and profoundly unaware, apparently, of the true motives for the sale and of the use to which the money gained by the seller was to be put.

Nearly all of the net proceeds of the $1,500,000 sale, according to the sworn testimony of the seller later, was spent in the United States by him for the dissemination of pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic propaganda! He testified before a secret session of the House Committee on un-American activities in New York City on Nov. 30, 1934, asserting that among other expenditures, he had spent between $5000 and $6000 in mailing Hitler's Memoranda 1 to 7, inclusive, to American schools, colleges, and universities and that he had also caused to be mailed broadcast a publication purporting to be a Wall Street financial advisory service which was full of subtly devised propaganda aimed to stir up anti-Semitism.

HEREWITH is presented, for the first time, a history of the case.

As early as 1926, cabled news stories began to appear in American newspapers, particularly in the New York *Times*, about the activities, purchases, and sensational discoveries of rare incunabula on the part of one Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, described in all despatches as a wealthy and famous collector of rare books who was a resident in Berlin.

If you should read all these newspaper despatches about Dr. Vollbehr, you would find a peculiar thing about them. Though unsigned, every one of them was what newspapermen call "editorialized." That is, statements were made as facts, without qualification; and these "facts," inferentially, could only have emanated from Dr. Vollbehr himself. There were none of the usual correspondent's qualifying uses of "Dr. Vollbehr claims," or "he said," or even "according to experts on the subject." And there were some amazing flat statements, indeed,—statements which the very greatest of scholars after profound research would hesitate so unequivocally to assert.

For instance, it was repeatedly and

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flatly stated, as of something of which the newspaper correspondent or correspondents had exact knowledge that Dr. Vollbehr had discovered a perfect copy of the Gutenberg Bible printed on vellum in the monastery of St. Paul in the valley of the Lavant in Corinthia; that this rare Bible had formerly belonged to the Benedictine monks of St. Blasius in the Black Forest; that the Bible had been preserved by the monks without change of ownership for 470 years "from thieves and rapacious soldiers, through fire and famine and the Napoleonic wars;" that Dr. Vollbehr had persuaded the holy fathers to part with their treasure by paying them $305,000, "the highest price ever paid for any book;" and that Dr. Vollbehr had thus "become the third owner of record of this famous book, *the first owner being the famous Dr. Faustus, hero of the Marlowe and Goethe plays and the Gounod opera.*" (Italics mine.)

If either the newspaper correspondent or Dr. Vollbehr could unequivocally identify the Dr. Faustus or Faust of legend with the first owner of this Gutenberg, or any Gutenberg, and could cite authenticated sources to prove it, that would be such a monumental contribution to scholarship as to command the homage of all students of medievalism and win for the discoverer undying fame. Dr. Vollbehr was flatly alleged to have established that the Dr. Faust of German legend and Hans Fust, who was known to have been Gutenberg's early partner and financial backer in the printing business, were one and the same person. Moreover, Dr. Faustus was unequivocally asserted to have been the original owner of the very Bible acquired by Dr. Vollbehr and to have palmed it off in Paris as a genuine manuscript!

IN due time, Dr. Vollbehr arrived in New York, with his collection, amidst a great deal of fanfare. He was interviewed aboard ship. He came, it appeared from the newspaper accounts, not as a man with something to sell but as a benefactor and philanthropist. He was reputed to be a very wealthy man, who collected rare books only for the love of collecting. He loved the United States and the people of the United States. He was in America not on business but on a friendly visit, during which, incidentally he was going to put some of his priceless collection of rare examples of the beginnings of the art of printing on free exhibit in various American cities.

With a magnanimous gesture, attended by much publicity, he presented to the Library of Congress some examples of fifteenth and sixteenth century printer's marks—printed designs by which early printers trademarked their work. There are hundreds of thousands of them in existence. They are little pieces of paper worth anywhere from a dime to a dollar each.

Then there was printed and distributed an impressive looking brochure bound in vellum entitled, "Incunabulum Incunabulorum: The Gutenberg Bible on Vellum in the Vollbehr Collection; an Authentic Story of the Choicest Book in Christendom." It was illustrated. In fact, there was one illustration which, curiously, did not seem to give Dr. Vollbehr or the author, one Edwin Emerson, pause: it was of a medieval gargoyle associated with the Faust legend. Inasmuch as it is Dr. Vollbehr's contention that Gutenberg's partner Hans Fust and Dr. Johann Faustus were one and the same, it would appear from the Vollbehr chronology that Dr. Faustus enjoyed an even much longer span of life than was vouchsafed him in the legend under his compact with the Devil.

The Vollbehr collection was put on exhibit at the National Arts Club in New York City with a high-muckety list of sponsors named on the engraved invitations which went out to a select list of the wealthy and prominent for the preview. Then the collection went on exhibit at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. An impressive exhibit was arranged in Washington. Dr. Vollbehr entertained lavishly. It was at the height of the bull market in stocks in 1928. It was also at the height of the bull market in rare book values. In January of 1929 there was staged the most spectacular rare book auction the world has ever known—the Jerome Kern sale at the Anderson Galleries, in which individual items brought fantastic prices and the total was an unprecedented $1,800,000. (Incidentally many items sold at that sale have appeared in recent sales and have brought less than one-twenty-fifth of the sums the same items brought in 1929.) The bull market in rare books had been raging in America for five years.

This market, no doubt, had given Dr. Vollbehr some fancy ideas. It is natural to infer that he looked upon Americans as a prize bunch of suckers. In fact he went far toward proving it, later on. So far, it has not been disclosed how many private collectors among American millionaires Dr. Vollbehr first tried to sell his collection to, or what price he asked them for it. But it is known that when he first put the bee on Harvard University, he asked $3,000,000. Dr. George P. Winship, then associate librarian of

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America and the War

ELMER DAVIS

TWO discussions* of the most important issue before the American people today have just made their appearance. Written from diametrically opposite points of view, Charles A. Beard's "A Foreign Policy for America" and Raymond Leslie Buell's "Isolated America," display more resemblances than you might expect. The writer of neither has much use for the people who disagree with him, though Beard is considerably more outspoken in his contempt than Buell; both distrust the impulsiveness of the President's personal foreign policy, and his habit of expressing moral disapproval of governments with which he must still maintain conventionally correct relations; and neither likes the term applied in common parlance to his own type of political thinking. Just what Buell would call himself is not clear, but his doctrines are so firmly based on what he regards as essential to the welfare of the United States that he would certainly resent being termed an internationalist. While Beard says that the term isolationist is "unfortunate and unhistorical," and that if the policy it connotes is to be summed up in a single word, that word should be continentalism.

The great merit of Beard's book is that he has given not only the most concise but the best definition of that policy, and of the reasoning which underlies it.

> Continentalism did not seek to make a hermit nation out of America. It did not deny the obvious fact that wars in Europe and Asia "affect" or "concern" the United States. It did not mean indifference to the sufferings of Europe or China (or India or Ethiopia). With reference to such conflicts and sufferings, continentalism merely meant a recognition of the limited nature of American powers to relieve, restore, and maintain life beyond its own sphere of interest and control—a recognition of the hard fact that the United States, either alone or in any coalition, did not possess the power to force peace on Europe and Asia, to assure the establishment of democratic and pacific governments there, or to provide the social and economic underwriting necessary to the perdurance of such governments.

A reviewer who agrees with Beard that this is the basic fact in the situation of the United States among the nations, and that it ought accordingly to be the major premise of American foreign policy, is none the less constrained to point out some practical difficulties in the way of its application. In the first place, the enemies of this doctrine are not merely those listed by Beard, the imperialists and the internationalists; there are also the head-under-the-bedclothes isolationists, the people who believe that if you merely do nothing, say nothing, and refuse to think, everything will come out all right. There is some reason to believe that this group includes the majority of the American people, and its numbers are more likely to increase than to decline. For in response to this sentiment every Republican candidate for the presidency has committed himself to that point of view (except Mr. Willkie); so in all likelihood the Philadelphia convention will make it a party dogma, binding on all who profess the faith.

Now in the short run this may be safe enough; we shall have no difficulty in keeping out of this war, for the Germans are likely to run no risk of taking on another major enemy till they have disposed of the British and the French. But if they win, the conduct of American foreign relations will be none too easy in a world in which international politics will again become what it was in Europe from 1934 to 1939, and has been in the Far East since 1931—the continuation of war by other means. Continentalism, to most of its more intelligent adherents (even including politicians who call themselves isolationists) means hemispheric continentalism, as it must in a day of long-range airplanes and new missionary religions; and hemisphere defense is more easily talked about than accomplished. There is cold truth in the statement of the heads of the United States Navy that it will be far more difficult, and far more costly, if the British navy is swept from the seas.

Beard nowhere indulges in speculation as to the outcome of the present war, but the implicit premise of his whole book is that it cannot be seriously dangerous to American interests —*i.e.*, either the Allies will win, or both sides will be left too exhausted to be a menace to the Western hemisphere. This no longer seems any too probable. The image of the world on which foreign policy should be based includes, he says, "things deemed necessary, things deemed possible, and things deemed desirable." True enough; and consideration of the possibilities is likely to lead to the conclusion that we cannot do very much to save Europe, or to save Asia, however desirable such salvation might be.

But to save America is a necessity,

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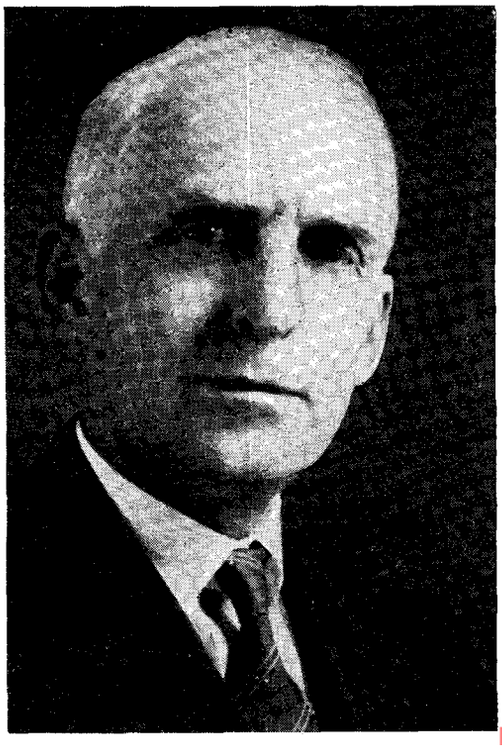
A FOREIGN POLICY FOR AMERICA. By Charles A. Beard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. $1.50.

ISOLATED AMERICA. By Raymond Leslie Buell. The same. $3.

Charles A. Beard



Raymond Leslie Buell

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Professional Story

THIS IS ON ME. By Katherine Brush. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 436 *pp.* $2.75.

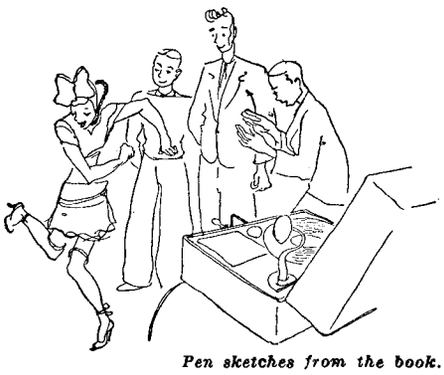
Reviewed by
MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THIS book, like Edna Ferber's successful autobiography, was written as the result of an author's impasse. Miss Ferber thought, at a recent unsatisfactory point in her career, that if she went back to the very beginning of her life and scanned it all the way through, she might find out if or where she had missed a turning. So she wrote the story of her own life. Miss Brush tells in her introduction that she was stuck on page 220 of a novel, that she couldn't write, and that she doesn't mean that she just couldn't write well. She couldn't write at all. So she began to do finger exercises on the typewriter. Then, urged by her publishers, she agreed to tell the story of her stories and here is her book, not by any means the one she was stuck on.

These books show no sign of lack of vigor nor of any desire on the part of the authors to repeat themselves. It is the last thing they want to do. Both are autobiographies of real individuals who are self-critical, who have kept careful track of their achievements and have understood their own progress, and are puzzled.

There the similarity ends. Edna Ferber wondered what was happening to her philosophy of life, and Katherine Brush wondered what was happening to her ability. So in the one case "A Peculiar Treasure" turned out to be the warm story of a person's life, and in the other "This Is on Me" turned out to be the story of a writer's career, documented with her own work. The contrast in titles is significant though that last word would make Miss Brush shy away.

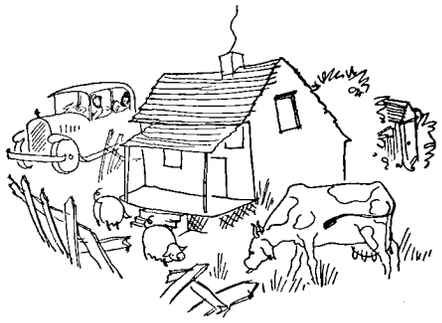
She belongs to the period "Which Didn't Get Away with Anything." The capitals are mine but should be hers, for she uses them all through the book for emphasis, and, annoying as they are, they fit into her story. They have no place in the "fine writing" which she wished to do and so often succeeded in doing. But they recognize the obvious, the overstated, the overworked thing, and Miss Brush does that in her writing and in her thinking. She is careful to make fun of herself if she thinks anyone else might attempt it.



Pen sketches from the book.

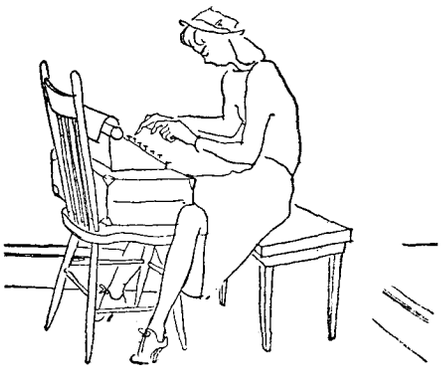
If anyone wants to know the story of how Katherine Brush became a writer, of how hard she worked and where, of what she was paid (not all about this always in full), of the build-up of her contracts, of the correlation of the major events of her life with her profession, it is all available in four hundred and thirty-six pages, which is a big book for the money.

For a writer who has never, except in an apparently uncomfortable period of riches, had a full-time secretary, and who refuses to regard her work as world-beating, it is astonishing how carefully she kept the records. Scrapbooks, old letters—no member of her family ever seems to have thrown away a line she ever wrote—recorded interviews with publishers, abound.



If Katherine Brush had her tongue in her cheek about her work and its worth, her technique in cataloguing it was paradoxical. Perhaps she was just a born hoarder.

The fact probably is that, no matter where she kept her tongue, there are few writers of the past twenty years who have been more in earnest about their work. She still is. Miss Brush has written since she got out of boarding school and, even while she was there, she was industriously working on a few diaries that came in very handy in this 1940 publication. Since then she has shown that she was wedded to her profession for she stayed right with it in sickness and health, for richer, for poorer, and will never leave it till death do them part, unless I miss my guess. She is both fluent and inhibited; slangy and a writer of meticulous prose; a brilliant technician and a limited thinker. She does not allow herself to think at random, or sentimentally, or in unknown fields, and that should be a lesson to a great many other writers.



Miss Brush opened all this up herself. She refutes the careless, happy-go-lucky introduction by the obvious industry which has gone into the making of this book. It is no sloppy compilation of stories put together either in alphabetical or in chronological order. It shows what was behind the scenes of one literary success, as much of it as is any of our business to know.

As everyone of her own age knows, Katherine Brush wrote two extremely popular novels which were grabbed off the newsstands when they were running in the *Saturday Evening Post* and were best sellers and motion picture successes. They spread her name widely but they did not make its fame. That had been done already by her stories of people and modern situations which were published in *College Humor* (there first because H. N. Swanson was clever enough to recognize her talent and put her under contract), in *Cosmopolitan,* in *Harper's Magazine,* and generally used by editors in this country and many others, who could get hold of her work. She had from the start a keen eye for detecting hypocrisy, a sense of ironic situations, a quick laugh, and a trained ear for modern dialogue. In some of her first stories her prose was clumsy in places but with practice it soon began to shine and to take on a very high polish, though it never had a Mansfield luster.

This is apparent in reading the stories in the book; but what is not quite as obvious, and what Miss Brush would be the last person to claim credit for, is the effect she had on magazine writing in this country. She is one of the people, and there were not many of them, who proved that popular prose need not be sloppy or sentimental nor untrue to life. Both "Young Man of Manhattan" and "The Redheaded Woman" broke down a good many superstitions about what the great reading public would stand for. (She would capitalize all these words.) She proved that magazine readers could take a certain amount of human unpleasantness standing, that they knew it was there all the time and that sweetness and light need

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New England Odyssey

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND. By Jonathan Daniels. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 398 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by J. P. MARQUAND

A YEAR ago last spring Mr. Jonathan Daniels of North Carolina started on what he terms a "brash errand." He proposed to explore New England and to record as a Southerner his impressions of that region, a reportorial and literary exercise which he points out has been done, and perhaps overdone for the southland by generations of scholarly and curious Yankees. Even before the Civil War and ever since the South has been analyzed in its throes of reconstruction. Now Mr. Daniels comes from a new South still rich in natural resources and flushed with the beginnings of industrial hope to behold a North struggling in its turn with the problems of industrial and economic change. Mr. Daniels reached New England in time to see the havoc of the hurricane. For many it was no more unexpected than the economic storm which is still raging.

Mr. Daniels saw a great deal on his trip, which extended from early spring into the summer, and its result is a sympathetic and thoughtful book, entitled "A Southerner Discovers New England." The author is a man with a keen social sense, tinged by a New Dealish idealism, which may at times annoy his less liberal readers, and he presents exactly the sort of record that will delight future historians. If the book is somewhat gloomy it is not Mr. Daniels's fault, for New England, when he saw it, was facing disillusion.

Mr. Daniels started up the Merritt Parkway, complaining that the landscaping shut off the realities of Connecticut. He met them, however, when he encountered a fried clam booth on the Post Road, and shortly afterward we find him in Boston, preparing like an explorer to push into unknown territory. He stayed at the St. Botolph Club, and also visited the Tavern Club and the Union Club, but he missed those antitheses — James Michael Curley and the Somerset Club. On the evening of his arrival he had a highball at the bar of the Ritz where his host said that there were no restaurants in Boston, seemingly never having heard of Durgin & Parke's by the Market or of Locke's on Winter Street. Therefore they returned to the St. Botolph Club for dinner where they met a number of young men from Cambridge who referred to Justice Frankfurter as "Felix," thus striking a liberal note which inspires all of Mr. Daniels's travels. He also encountered some literary lights, including Mr. Ben Ames Williams, and Mr. Edward Weeks of the *Atlantic,* and he observed that few contemporary New England writers were born there. He left shivering in the cold of the New England spring for a comprehensive tour of the depleted forest lands of Maine and New Hampshire. He saw among other sights the late skiers at the foot of Mount Washington and the melancholy pulp town of Berlin. At Manchester, New Hampshire, he viewed the deserted Amoskeag Mills which the town was struggling gallantly to fill with new industries. To a New Dealer the industrial rise and fall of Amoskeag was a field for speculation that stirred Mr. Daniels to prose which is almost poetry, for in the sombre mill town he could see the whole economic cycle of New England, the accumulation of dividends, the influx of foreign workers pushing their way into the old Yankee stock, and the absentee owners.

The mills, he wrote, when viewed from his hotel window at Manchester

> looked somehow beautiful and sad under the nearly naked elms about them. The garbage cans in the yards behind them rather livened than stained the picture. Life remained in the old buildings. But somehow the so-much-lived-in structures which had lasted beyond their first meaning reminded me perversely of the new buildings which John D. Rockefeller had erected to show the past at Williamsburg in Virginia.

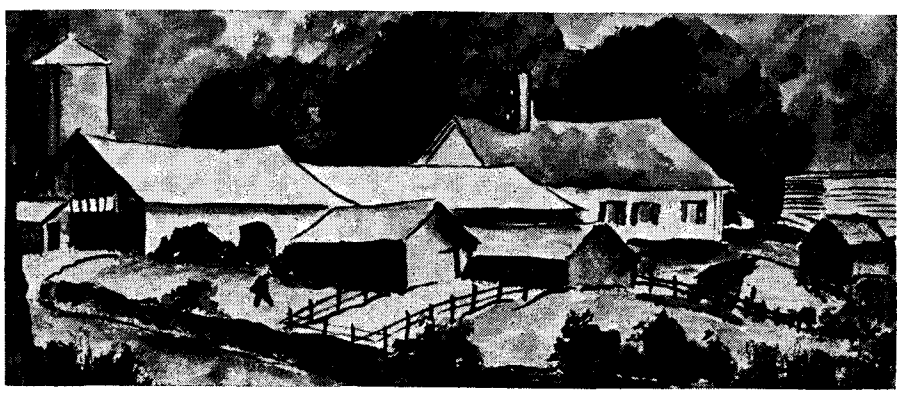
His travels took him to the bankrupt city of Fall River, and to the industrial centers of Rhode Island, where manufacturers boasted of Yankee skill and Yankee workmen. He saw the Connecticut shore and the Connecticut River valley and a good part of Vermont and the coast of Maine to Eastport and the rich valley of the Aristook and Cape Cod and Nantucket. Everywhere men and their problems interested him.

> I not only looked and saw. I talked and listened. And the New England which makes this book is not so much mine as it is the land of those who told it to me. They were Yale professors and solid men of State Street and Post Office Square, and bums and farmers and fishermen, and a fireman who had been a fisherman, even (when he was young) a whaler.

Mr. Daniels has not only been able to reveal many aspects of New England in his pages, but a good deal of himself, such as his southern addiction to a noon Coca-Cola (he was delighted to see Coca-Cola advertised in French near the Canada border) and a more universal habit of taking a highball after dinner. He is gregarious, companionable, more interested in social problems and particularly the social efforts of government and in wealth and poverty than in scenery and local color, except where he visits the shrines of his ancestors. He is better at handling statistics than he is with the thumb-nail sketches of the individuals he met, for his efforts at characterization make most of his Yankees look and sound alike. He also displays a careless journalistic verbosity. He is sentimental, sometimes annoyingly so, but above all he exhibits a tolerance, a humor, and a friendly sympathetic interest, which make his most severe observations kindly. The only chip he has on his shoulder is the New Deal chip, perhaps only to be expected in a Daniels.

He tried again and again to get the

(*Continued on page* 17)



Painting from the book.

Mr. Daniels discovers the typical New England farm.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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CAN WE STAY OUT?

IT seems obvious that the biggest issue in American life today, even bigger than our most important domestic problems, is whether we can stay out of the European war. It is an issue which is likely to dominate the presidential campaigns. Up to now most of the candidates have stepped lightly around the question of our foreign policy, but they will begin to be pressed for answers by an anxious electorate which has suddenly discovered that the war in Europe is real and that many millions of people are facing mass murder. It is certain that the candidates will vie with each other in attempting to furnish satisfactory answers; soon the air may be filled with supposedly flawless proposals for an American foreign policy which will keep us out of the war. It is almost equally certain that the next few months will find a steady stream of books—indeed, the trickle has already begun—telling us how to preserve our neutrality.

But candidates and authors, if they are pressed hard, will be forced to admit or should admit that there is no single foreign policy which can stand up under the pressure of changing events. There are too many variables involved in the equation of neutrality to justify the belief that any single personality or any single plan can guarantee us immunity. We want to keep clear of the war *physically* but we are already in the war *emotionally*. But the bridge from emotions to actions may be shorter than we think. And yet we cannot and should not stop forming attitudes toward the war; thank God we still have the right and ability to feel outraged, to moralize, to become excited. At the same time we must be prepared to recognize that our sympathies can exert tremendous pull upon our course of action. This may be true to a larger extent today than ever before; the radio has given the war a proximity and an extra dimension it never had for us in 1914.

Another and perhaps even more important variable is the unpredictability of events themselves. It would be easy for us to embark upon a fixed policy of isolation or "Continentalism," as Charles A. Beard prefers to call it in "A Foreign Policy for America" (reviewed by Elmer Davis in this issue), if we knew in advance the identity of the victor plus his intentions following victory. While it is simple enough to say we will have no part of Hitler, we do not know that Hitler will have no part of us. The possibility of a challenge to America from a victorious Germany may seem incredible or even laughable. But we must bear in mind that Germany has been attempting and has been accomplishing the supposedly impossible for seven years; this is Adolf Hitler's strongest argument with his people. Hermann Rauschning, in "The Voice of Destruction," quotes Adolf Hitler as saying that "National Socialism alone is destined to liberate the American people from their ruling clique and give them back the means of becoming a great nation," and that there were "strains" in America which were "an assurance that the sound elements of the United States will one day awaken as they have awakened in Germany."

This, we repeat, is merely a report of a conversation, but in deciding for ourselves whether it is fact or fancy we may be helped by another quotation from the Rauschning book. Adolf Hitler, says the author, told him that the Nazis could and would capture foreign countries from within as well as from without:

> When I wage war . . . in the midst of peace, troops will suddenly appear, let us say, in Paris. They will wear French uniforms. They will march through the streets in broad daylight. . . . The confusion will be beyond belief. But I shall long have had relations with the men who will form a new government—a government to suit me. We shall find such men, we shall find them in every country. We shall not need to bribe them. They will come of their own accord. Ambition and delusion, party squabbles and self-seeking arrogance will drive them. Peace will be negotiated before the war has begun. I promise you, gentlemen, that the impossible is always successful. The most unlikely thing is the surest. We shall have enough volunteers, men like our S. A., trustworthy and ready for any sacrifice. We shall send them across the border in peacetime. Today you don't believe me. . . . But I will accomplish it, move by move. . . . Our strategy is to destroy the enemy from within, to conquer him through himself.

This book was published before the German Trojan Horse invasion of Norway. Even those who prefer to believe Rauschning is using his imagination for British propagandist purposes will have to admit the amazing and frightening parallel between what he reported and what is actually happening today.

Even if a victorious Germany is too exhausted to turn her dynamism in the direction of the Western Hemisphere there is still no assurance that other factors might not bring us into direct conflict. Should the defeat of Great Britain and France be the signal for a re-distribution of empire, what position would we take, especially toward the Far East? Raymond Leslie Buell, in his "Isolated America," also reviewed in this issue, believes one result of a German victory might mean an American war with Japan.

These are but a few of the factors which make it difficult to say with certainty what we shall have to do in order to stay out of the war. While we know what developments may serve to bring us in, we do not know whether the absence of those developments will keep us out. If we could at least be certain that we are the sole masters of our destiny the picture might not be so dark. But outside events over which we have no control unfortunately have some control over us.

N. C.

Do Not Disturb

Richard Armour

Former president of the Poetry Society of America . . . urges poets not to contribute anything for the next year that would add to the agitation of the world.—*The New York Times.*

Steady, Spender,
Careful, MacNeice,
The world's on a bender
And wants surcease
From poems that tend
To have troublesome leanings.
And Auden, an end
To recondite meanings.
MacLeish and Millay,
Lewis, Eliot, Pound,
Take care that you say
Nothing new or profound.
Write nothing inclined
To agitate, gall,
Or set fire to the mind:
I.e. nothing at all.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Information, Please

SIR:—At this time I am gathering material on the life of my grandfather, John Brisben Walker, to be used in a biography.

If there are any of your readers or contributors who have anecdotes or reminiscences of his life, will they kindly submit them to me at 61 Washington Square South?

Persons submitting material or letters or documents will have them promptly returned and will be given full credit.

ISOBEL WALKER SOULE.

New York City.

SIR:—I am trying to locate unpublished poems of Henry David Thoreau, since I am doing an edition of Thoreau's verse. All trace of the manuscripts of some of those poems has been lost; and I would very much appreciate any information that the readers of *SRL* could give me about manuscripts of the unpublished poems.

CARL BODE.

Evanston, Ill.

The Readers Will Decide

SIR:—I am no Irving Babbitt to storm at confusion in the modern arts, but I am a regular reader of your periodical ready to attack an apparent confusion in your minds as to what a reviewer of literature should review. I object to your giving space to the reviewing of motion pictures and phonograph records.

There is nothing literary about music except the words to some songs. There is nothing literary about movies except the dialogue on some sound tracks. Neither the *SRL* nor Edward T. Canby makes any attempt to justify the record column with its terminology of music criticism. But you are in print as sponsoring Thomas Burton's column dealing with "motion pictures which have a literary significance or have emerged from books."

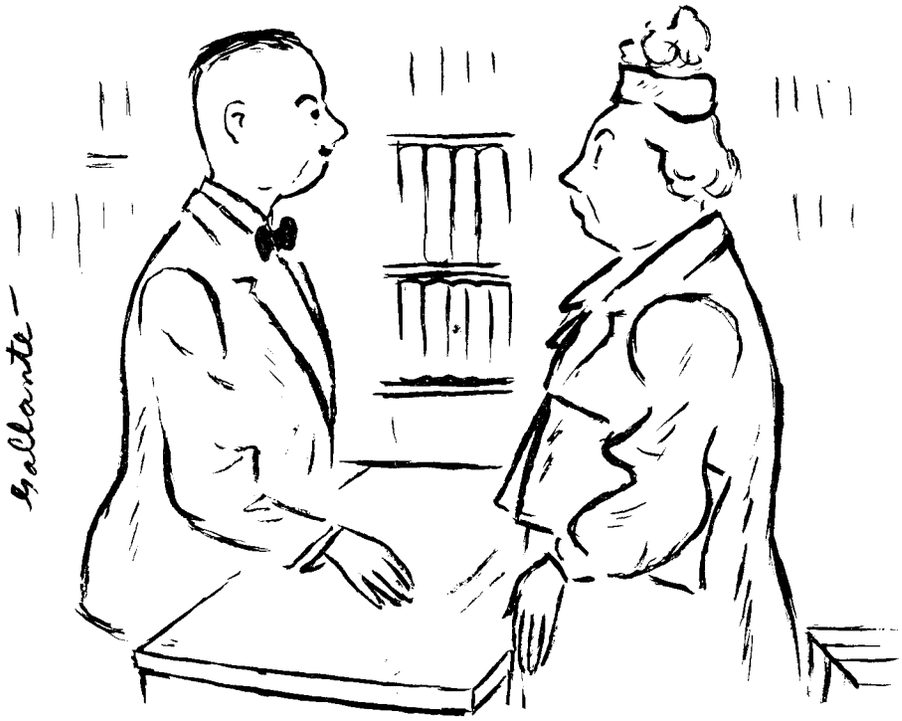
Movies aren't literary. They can't be. They are "filmic" or "cinematic." They use moving pictures to sum up human experience and give it significant form. Their dialogues are incidental, as are the words in operas.

Only material that is primarily verbal— written or spoken—that uses words to express thought and emotion, can even in the broadest sense of the word be called "literary." From my point of view your weekly should confine itself to this material. There are appropriate special and general journals for Mr. Burton and Mr. Canby.

Artists have the right to experiment with their media, to hybridize accepted arts, for they may invent something new and useful. The color organ, moving statues, surrealistic paintings, perfume symphonies, expressionistic drama—these are legitimate experiments. But critics like you have no right to alter the meanings of standard critical words. Please reconsider your policies that are stretching the word "literary" out of shape and making "review of literature" mean "shop talk on any of the arts."

RICHARD G. LILLARD.

Los Angeles, Cal.



"Have you anything to counteract Aldous Huxley?"

Fear and Propaganda

SIR:—My thanks to Mr. Cousins for his unfortunately true and candid discussion of the insidious anti-propaganda menace. Some of us have continued to use what feeble thought processes we have at our disposal in spite of the threat of being labeled "war monger" if we read, inquire, or talk of a war that cannot fail to be of the utmost importance to everyone in the world. I have had opportunity to talk with many Americans of different types since this war began and I have been more afraid for the so-called "intellectual liberals" than for any other group because they have so often built a wall around their thinking apparatus through which they allow no information touching on the war, to pass. These people who should have contributed to intelligent thinking in Germany, and who should now be using every resource at their disposal for intelligent thought in England, France, and America, have simply ceased to face any unpleasant fact pertaining to the war for fear they will not enjoy the picture they see. The "man in the street" is much more courageous, perhaps because he has had long practice in facing unpleasant facts. As long as these "intellectual liberals" refuse to face reality in this country we will certainly never be a "citadel" of Art and Liberty.

MILDRED MORRISON.

Dover, N. H.

The Last Word?

SIR:—I was interested to read Mr. Clyde Brion Davis's letter, in the *Saturday Review* of May 4th, 1940, regarding his review of John Weld's "Don't You Cry for Me" and the disputed dates of the well-known "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." I quote from Mr. Davis:

> Mr. Weld says I erred in my date on "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." . . . His characters sang the song in 1846. He says now it was published in 1848 instead of my 1850.

As a matter of fact, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" was first published in the *New Mirror,* Volume I, No. 22, New York, Sept. 2, 1843, preceded by a note: "Read this, for a strong and true feeling in measure to suit."

Also, according to an article in the *Broadway Journal,* October 4, 1845, edited by Edgar Allan Poe and Henry C. Watson, regarding a controversy which took place at that time about the authorship of the poem, it was stated that "there are five editions of the song afloat, issued under the auspices of various publishers." Which should be sufficient proof that by 1845, at least, it had been set to music.

DAVID RANDALL.

Rare Book Department,
The Scribner Book Store,
New York City.

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Adventure Plus

I MARRIED ADVENTURE. By Osa Johnson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1940. 376 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

THREE years ago last January, in Hollywood, the radio gave the world the news that Martin and Osa Johnson had been injured in an air crash while flying from Salt Lake City to Burbank. Several days later I walked into a Good Samaritan Hospital room in Los Angeles. Sitting up in bed and powdering her nose was Osa, wearing a pink *peignoir* trimmed with ostrich feathers. There was no hint behind Osa's smiling welcome that several of her bones were broken, that her badly battered body made even a cough painful, or that the companion-husband she adored had just died tragically. But to me that was understandable. Osa was reflecting a philosophy acquired during twenty-seven exciting years of marriage to a MAN who had been killed in the prime of life at fifty-two. Martin wanted "no moaning at the bar when he put out to sea." He believed that if you played with fire long enough, you shouldn't complain if you were burned. So Osa was keeping her chin up, because she knew that was the way Martin played the game. Now the railroad engineer's little daughter from Chanute, Kansas, has written the saga of her adventurous life with the watchmaker's Viking-spirited son from Independence, Kansas, who made his boyhood dreams come true.

When Martin Johnson was fifteen he said to his parents, "I'm going to travel and make money doing it." He had flunked every school study except geography and his only assets were a self-taught knowledge of photography, a stout physique, and a consuming restlessness, which was never satisfied. Shortly before his death he said: "I'd go crazy if I thought I had to stay in one place all my life." In those early days he made a few forays into the outside world with his camera, but always returned to Independence — broke and hungry. Then in 1906 he read that Jack London was recruiting a crew of four for the *Snark*. Martin wrote a letter of application, outlining his qualifications, and on November 12, 1906, received a telegram from Jack London, asking, "Can you cook?" Johnson wired back, "Sure, just try me."

Martin turned out to be a poor cook, but he spent two years touring the far reaches of the Pacific with the Londons, then returned home to lecture on the Cruise of the Snark.

Photograph from "I Married Adventure"

Charlie Chaplin gave them moustaches to take to the cannibals. . . .

But his yearning for adventure had only been whetted. It was to be sharpened to a keen edge during the twenty-seven years which followed his marriage to comely Osa Leighty, who quickly proved that she was the proper wife for a man afflicted with the Wanderlust. Thereafter, they were "to be always a-going, always a-seeing. Home was to be a schooner in the South Seas, a raft in Borneo, a tent on safari, a hut in the black Congo, sometimes a dash to Paris, interludes of an apartment on Fifth Avenue—but always a place to be going from." The going was never to be too easy, due to limited finances, but they were incurable optimists, with sublime faith in themselves and the future.

Osa proved herself a fit mate for the restless wanderer. In the beginning of "I Married Adventure," she describes the bugs, aching muscles, leeches, snakes, the heat, but as she becomes familiar with them, she mentions them less, because they were part of her life and no longer seemed important. No matter where Osa was among the aboriginal peoples, she always tried to appear as feminine as possible, although she did her share of the work. As I have good reason to know, Osa is as famous in Africa for accurate shooting as Dead-eye Dick is to the pulp fans. She had to learn the hard way and lost face with their black boys on several occasions when she missed a seemingly easy shot. Most people would have given up, but Osa knew that if their expeditions were to be a success, she had to become an expert with the rifle, so she could "cover" Martin while he photographed wild animals. She persevered and was rewarded with the native title of "Bwana," given only to white explorers who are good shots and never run from danger.

And so goes "I Married Adventure," which will delight the rocking-chair-travelers and explorers and revive the urge in those who have wandered along the byways.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS HOUSES

Occasionally not only the characters in stories but also the places in which they live take on an enduring personality. Such is the case of the houses which are briefly described below. Allow 5 points if you recall the name of the house, and another 5 if you can also remember the author who created it. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. During a tornado, this greatly decayed ruin split in two and fell into a stagnant pool.

2. This old canal boat was refitted and used by a young couple as an inexpensive summer home.

3. To the discomfort of a love-lorn English girl, the powers of evil pile horror upon horror in this medieval castle in the Apennines.

4. A clergyman's daughter, fond of mystery stories, was disappointed when this country estate which she went to visit turned out to be completely unhaunted.

5. This Georgia plantation home with an Irish name was one of the few that survived the Yankee invasion.

6. The mistress of this estate left it to elope with an unprincipled and profligate captain, and returned to it later to become governess to her own children.

7. This building, of unusual architecture, was the ancestral home of a decayed New England family.

8. A villainous dwarf succeeded in getting possession of this shop by lending money to its elderly proprietor to gamble with.

9. This Hertfordshire house was the home of several of the victims of that celebrated chancery case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

10. And do you recall the address of the house occupied by Mrs. Hudson, the landlady, and her two illustrious lodgers?

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Gloom for the Asking

FANDANGO. By Robert Briffault. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 316 pp. $2.50.

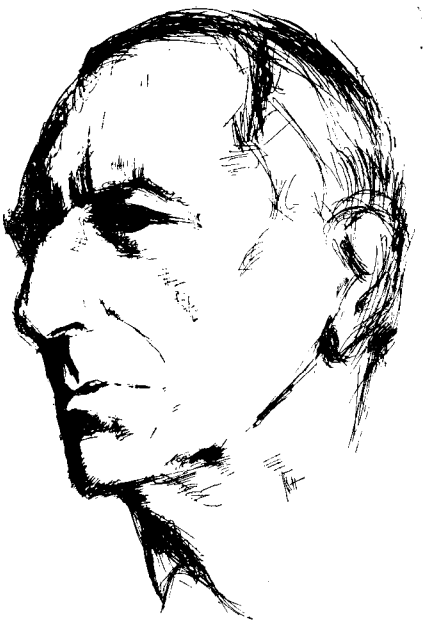
Reviewed by RALPH BATES

I CAN'T take it. There never was a clearer case. Sometimes, when a critic is compelled by promises to give his opinion of a bad novel of good ideas, he finds himself in a quandary. Its excellence of thought may make the book worth reading to people of indefinitely extensible leisure or specialist interest, despite banality of story and a shabby, stuffed-tiger style. But not this time; plainly and briefly, "Fandango" is a bad novel, without any literary merits whatsoever. Nor, despite agreement with the political judgments that Mr. Briffault is at his reader's pains to make, am I sure that his essential thought is excellent. Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain, the noble and the valorous have been sacrificed to the boldly evil men by the cowardly indifferent and the sullenly stupid. Certainly. Less certainly there is little present hope in Europe. But no, I can't take this picture of a twilight cave of civilization in which unreason, futility, and suffering wander round like three psychopathic norns who have lost their scissors and cannot find the thread. There is hope for Europe. Mr. Briffault spoils all the validity of his censure when he makes his Harry Webley, a poet who fought to the last in the International Brigade or in the Spanish Loyalist Army, decide to go off to Bali with his Carlotta. And when, having promised the lovers at least that escapist felicity, he finally descends to the two-line bathos of making the girl walk into a silently speeding car, he discloses that it is life itself, not the political set-up, of which he despairs.

Carlotta, daughter of the Austrian ambassador to Spain, is forced to mingle with the cultureless and decadent Spanish aristocracy. She somehow avoids seduction and commercial marriage, but still shuts her eyes to the decadence around her, even when it is pointed out by Harry, who mostly talks very quietly (in order to give an impression of infallibility, I suppose). Spain blows up. She flees to Austria. Austria blows up. Ruined, she resists the literary inevitable for a while, but is forced to become a prostitute and a thief. Then she is raped and robbed. Harry comes back from defeated Spain and wins her love; in her moment of awakened hope . . . well, the silently speeding car.

The style? No human being ever talked like these people. The connective tissue is sinewless and bloodless. The descriptive matter appears to have been lifted straight out of a guide book. Mr. Briffault, indeed, might never have been to Spain. His characters go to the recognized show places and see them in the orthodox way. The imagery is tawdry, the poetry absent and the presentation wooden. There is even that well known sexual interpretation of a bullfight. Believe me, there is! Psychological perception? I'm afraid not, though there are one or two references to Freud and Havelock Ellis. In short, I can't take it. It's like a short-winded playing of the Day of Wrath on a ten cent horn.

Ralph Bates is the author of "The Olive Field," a novel on Spain.



Mr. Briffault's "Fandango" presents Mr. Bates with a clear case.

AMERICA AND THE WAR

(*Continued from page* 5)

and it may not be so easy as it looks. If we find ourselves the one great and rich democracy in a world of expanding dictatorships, where would we draw the line and say, Thus far and no farther? Brazil? Probably yes, though the practical difficulties of defending Brazil would be enormous. Greenland? Maybe, but to the average American it seems a long way off. Polynesia? Still farther off; yet it will fall into somebody's hands if the British and French empires are overthrown, and in the wrong hands it would make the defense of Hawaii and even of Panama considerably more difficult. The "limited nature of American powers" would be evident if we had to try to defend any of these points; yet they are all essential to continental security.

So what? Buell has an answer, though the reader may never get to it in a book which so conscientiously works over all phases of the Situation that you may get lost in the underbrush; and that answer is not a plunge into war; "the danger confronting America from such a course is greater today than in 1917," in view of the situation in the Pacific. But the United States should "plot out the kind of world settlement which will safeguard the interests it cherishes," decide how much we should contribute to such a settlement, and then watch for a chance for "effective mediation." Such a chance might come "after the blockade of Germany becomes more effective and the Nazi leaders have suffered a decisive setback." That setback seems a long way off, and the blockade under present conditions is likely to prove a broken reed to lean on. Fifty pages later (and perhaps some weeks later) Buell envisages the possibility of "limited intervention" as a last resort. No expeditionary force, but gifts of money (no pretense, this time, that it is a loan); naval convoys for allied merchant shipping; and just possibly the use of our air force "for certain limited and decisive objectives." But Woodrow Wilson's mistake of coming in without conditions should be avoided; we should demand cession of the Guianas, naval and air bases in British and French possessions on this side of the Atlantic, and a prior agreement by the Allies to our ideas of a decent peace settlement.

Buell by this time is thinking in world terms; but in terms of purely American interest that is a sane kind of intervention, if there should be intervention at all; it is a legitimately debatable topic whether this would not be far less costly and more advantageous than standing by while the British fleet is sunk (or transferred to more dangerous hands) so that we have to undertake single-handed defense of both oceans. Yet some objections immediately suggest themselves. This is at present, as Buell says, a war of machines, not of men; but if large-scale land operations took place the British and French might ask for men, more and more urgently. Doubtless they would not be sent, for sound reasons of logistics as well as of sentiment; but the argument would not

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promote inter-allied harmony. Every base ceded on this side of the Atlantic would be a sore point, and sorer still would be any concessions made on peace terms; whether such concessions would stick, without an American expeditionary force in Europe, is open to doubt. Also, from the merely tactical viewpoint, recent displays of the impotence of a superior fleet in narrow seas against shore-based bombers might suggest the wisdom of staying in American waters, where the shore-based bombers would be on our navy's side.

A debatable topic none the less, with something to be said on both sides—but it won't be debated till after the election, if our statesmen can help it. You hear plenty of double talk in Washington these days—how whoever may be elected President will do what the situation may require, and not what he promised during the campaign. But aside from the ethics of this deception of the voters it seems likely that any man who might be elected on a head-under-the-bedclothes platform will take account of a sentiment partly the cause and partly the effect of his own campaign speeches, and hope that if we keep our heads under the bedclothes the storm may blow past without doing us much damage.

Maybe it will; and it is hard to see what we can do just now, if it doesn't. The argument against any but economic and financial aid to the Allies seems, on the present evidence, conclusive; and Beard's insistence on our limited powers is, with the experience of the last war and the last peace in mind, a convincing reply to insistence on our duty to help remake the world. Yet continentalism is no fool-proof formula, in politics or in economics. The domestic market is capable of an enormous potential expansion, and when Beard considers that prospect he goes off into just the sort of emotional hoorah that he properly derides, when the internationalists indulge in it; but as Buell points out, to readjust our economic system to a continental economy would entail all sorts of dislocation, and might necessitate a far more stringent governmental control than anything we dream of now.

Buell, on the other hand, gets lost toward the end in a maze of plans for world reconstruction which are reminiscent of the recent uproar over Uranium 235. The first day we heard that a pound of it in a tub of water would run all the industries of the nation, and all the coal and oil men got ready to commit suicide before they starved to death. But the next day we heard that to isolate a pound of it would cost more than the Federal budget, so the fuel trades were reprieved. Just so, Buell's blue prints for a better world would doubtless work well, in a world inhabited by a different kind of human beings.

A reviewer, then, is tempted to advise the customers to read only one of these books—whichever one suits the beliefs you hold already; taken together, they refute each other so successfully that you may think you might as well eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die. Yet the world is run by people who did not slip back into passivity, no matter how disheartening their problems; who sat down to think their way out and work their way out. Such hard and undiscouraged thinking is the greatest need of this country today; these two books, able statements of opposite viewpoints, may help to promote it. Beard's general thesis seems valid to this reviewer; many of Buell's observations illuminate the obstacles to translating it into concrete detail. But if enough people think as hard as they can, there may pop up out of the welter some genius, as yet unheard of, who knows how to turn the trick.

Unfortunately, if he does appear, he isn't likely to be elected President; and he is nowhere in sight on this year's horizon. In this critical year we shall have to put up with what we get; and whoever he is, he will do a better job if he has an alert and informed public opinion behind him instead of a citizenry that waits passively for whatever Providence sees fit to decree.

Germany's New Iron Age

TWO THOUSAND AND TEN DAYS OF HITLER. By Patsy Ziemer. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 312 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

WORDS like "totalitarianism" and "dictatorship" are abstractions: their real meaning in terms of human life and happiness eludes us unless we can pin them down by examination of concrete cases. Existence in Germany, for example, we all know to be harsh, but only personal experience can bring home the measure of that harshness. With the unspoiled perception of a sensitive girl of twelve, Patsy Ziemer has recorded the impact of Nazism on herself, her family, and the Germans around them. Her father has interpolated background material on aspects of the new Germany which she could not be expected to understand. He writes from the vantage point of his post as headmaster of the American school in Berlin and occasional news correspondent, she from hers as a pupil. Together they have fashioned a peculiarly penetrating and effective study of Germany's descent into its new iron age.

Patsy grew into girlhood in a land of beautiful folkways, but one in which her juvenile pleasures were clouded by the last grim battles of Nazis and Communists in a republic doomed to destruction. After January, 1933, the atmosphere of fear and constraint steadily closed about her. The all-pervading dictatorship reached into every hamlet and family. It hounded the undesirable foreign school, which admitted German Jewish students, from pillar to post. Its minions spied on the Ziemers, and lost no opportunity to bleed them of funds through manipulation of the tax laws and endless litigation.

Meanwhile, the family watched the nation's standard of living sink as food, clothing, and supplies grew scarce. They visited schools, churches, model factories, Hitler Youth establishments, and welfare organizations. Everywhere they observed the thoroughness with which children were trained for chauvinism and war almost from the moment they could talk. The degradation of the Jews and the pogroms of November, 1938, forced themselves on the authors' attention. German children, they noted, don't smile; and many German adults, too, are sullen, suspicious, and regimented under the Hitler tyranny.

The effect of tale upon tale, incident after incident, pounding home the day-to-day significance of Gestapo government is nothing less than ghastly. It is not hard to understand why the Ziemers left the Reich in the summer of 1939 hating the land they had wished to love. And it will be an unusual reader who does not thrill to their description of their homecoming to America, to the incalculable boon of freedom, the myriad creature comforts, the unhampered self-development, the friendliness and humor and security of life in the United States. Patsy Ziemer will quickly learn to appreciate the dark spots in the American picture as well as its blessings. But she will not ask for perfection. She has seen freedom crushed in Germany; she sees it still upright here; she will never grow indifferent to its meaning. Her straightforward story should act as a needed stimulant to American patriotism of the very best type.

David H. Popper is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

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金瓶梅

CHIN P'ING MEI: The Adventurous History of Hsi Men and His Six Wives, with an introduction by Arthur Waley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 861 *pp.* 2 *vols.* $5.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

WRITTEN in the Ming period (A.D. 1368—1644), famous for its very brilliant style, remarkable character delineation, and also for its many pornographic passages, "Chin P'ing Mei," which comprises one hundred chapters, did not appear in complete translation until 1939 when, under the title "Golden Lotus," a four volume English edition of about sixteen hundred pages translated by Clement Egerton, was published. The present version, skilfully reduced and hence more suited to our stream-lined era, has no connection with the one referred to. It is by an anonymous author, is in two volumes, has eight hundred and sixty-one pages, and but forty-nine chapters. Chapters full of thrilling incident! Unlike "Moment in Peking" which presents a succession of pictures representing a wide section of Chinese society, "Chin P'ing Mei" is limited to the portrayal of the life and doings of one family and a few of their intimates. Each of the numerous individuals is clearly characterized, and is drawn against a background so rich in detail that the figures stand out in the round.

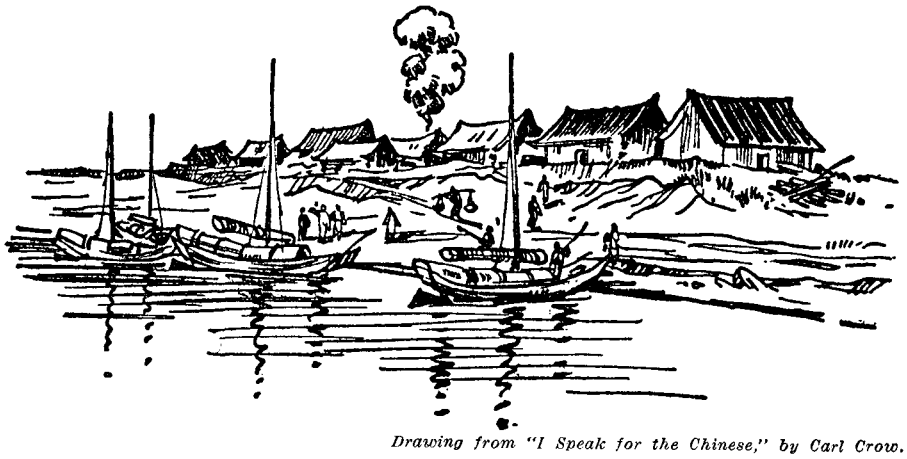
According to popular, but discredited, legend the supposed writer of the book undertook the task in order to avenge the unjust execution of his father. And what an avenge! The official who, by his impeachment, brought about the execution referred to, is made to serve as prototype for Hsi Men Ch'ing, dissolute hero of the "Chin P'ing Mei." He, the owner of many medicine shops, pawnshops, and so on, is a man of great wealth but slight education, of unbounded lust and no self-control; dishonest, irresponsible, and of uncertain temper, his sole virtues being an easy good-nature and a certain facile generosity, which gain him popularity among low class associates and among women, whom he fascinates.

His wife, Moon Lady, referred to as The First, and her lesser associates, Ladies Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth who, although holding a definite status in the household, are in no wise equal to The Wife, pass before the reader revealing as they do so the inner working of a Chinese home at a moment when a dynasty tottered and when morality ebbed low.

Under the Manchu Rulers strict censorship prohibited the reading of the book, but this prohibition did not prevent a brother of the K'ang Hsi emperor (so gossip said) from making a Manchu version, nor did it restrain the artists in the Imperial Academy of the Chien Lung emperor from painting a set of exquisite pictures illustrating the novel. Reproductions of these pictures are, I believe, in the possession of various university libraries in the United States.

The Manchu version was translated during the nineteenth century by the German scholar Hans Conon v.d. Gabelentz but found no publisher brave enough to father its appearance. Twentieth century readers will feel that the "objectionable" passages are more than offset by the remarkable nature of the work, undoubtedly one of the great novels in world literature.

The present translation is extremely good and brings over in glowing Chinese idiom much of the original brilliance. With more than a modicum of truth if applied to a restricted group, the French sinologue, Henri Cordier, could remark: "The translation of such a book would render superfluous any other book upon the manners of the Chinese."



Drawing from "I Speak for the Chinese," by Carl Crow.

PROFESSIONAL STORY

(*Continued from page* 6)

not always open the book. A great many authors have been advantaged by that revelation.

By that time of course the public expected a certain kind of brisk, gay writing from Katherine Brush and a certain kind of urban, young marital subject in her stories. Writers get tarred with their own brushes, as Mr. Steinbeck may find if he ever tries to do a novel about high society. Scott Fitzgerald was definitely tarred by his own work and, one might add, even feathered. The public expects a popular writer to deliver a certain kind of work, is disappointed when it isn't the same line as before, and more disappointed when it is. That makes a writer nervous, especially when millions of people are waiting to tear his words to pieces. Katherine Brush had no chance of escaping this difficult situation of success. If she didn't repeat she was lost. If she did she might be anyway. In addition she became a writer for the motion picture industry, and in the intervals between being shuttled back and forth across the country she was expected to write a better book than she ever had done before. There was nothing she would rather do.

But as she wrote better and better it apparently came harder and harder, and finally stopped coming at all. Fine writing—the phrase is one that she herself uses—went back on her. She insists that this is a professional story and this climax should be of great interest to many other professionals in her own field. For Katherine Brush has great talent. She was and is industrious. She has markets and money. She wants to write like the very devil. There are all the new subjects as well as all the old subjects. Why should she be stopped in her tracks?

Is the reason for it that the kind of popularity she has had wears a person's talent out? Is it that writing for motion pictures neutralizes other writing? Is it that the times are so strange that all the old fiction methods and subjects are suddenly obsolete? Miss Brush does not advance any reason herself. She just says she was stuck and apparently it is anybody's guess why.

But she does give her solution. She tells what she did about it. She wrote. She wrote anything and everything, trying free-style writing, trying to tell a story instead of being self-conscious about prose. If this works for her and again releases her fine talent, it will be one more good example she has set her contemporaries in the literary field and one for which they should be grateful.

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UNCLE SAM HAS A BOOK

(*Continued from page* 4)

Harvard, testified to this at the House Committee on the Library hearing in Washington during the lobby for the purchase of the Vollbehr collection; and, moreover, testified that, in his opinion, three million dollars was a perfectly reasonable price for the collection—although, as he said, the Harvard library fund could not stand such a drain.

FINDING our sales resistance to be much greater than he expected, Dr. Vollbehr next approached the late Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago with an offer of the 3000 incunabula, exclusive of the Gutenberg Bible, for $200,000—apparently the same items later sold to the U. S. at an appraised figure of $900,000! And still it was no go. The cardinal was in hopes of founding an impressive Catholic University library in Chicago; but the money Dr. Vollbehr asked for the minor incunabula was in excess of the amount Cardinal Mundelein believed he could raise from rich donors for the purpose.

Then Dr. Vollbehr planned a campaign to offer his collection to the United States as a "gift." That is, practically. All he wanted was an honorarium of a million and a half dollars. The details of this campaign are obscure, but the result was a masterpiece of promotion. In letters which went out to hundreds of university presidents, college and public librarians, etc., it was carefully emphasized that the proposed sale of the Vollbehr collection was not really in the nature of a sale but more in the nature of a gift; that $1,500,000 represented only a fraction of the true value of the collection and that Dr. Vollbehr was offering this "priceless" collection at a great personal sacrifice out of his profound love for this country and high admiration for the people of the United States. He wished, indeed, to offer his collection as a memorial to a great librarian, Dr. Herbert Putnam, of the Library of Congress. The collection was to be known as The Herbert Putnam Collection of Incunabula.

So, at length, backed by one of the most impressive lobbies ever staged for any bill, the House of Representatives' Committee on the Library met Bill 6147, introduced by Rep. Ross Collins (Mississippi), the bill reading as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to pay to the Joint Committee on the Library, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of $1,500,000 to be by them applied to the purchase of the collection of three thousand incunabula, now owned by Doctor Otto H. F. Vollbehr, of Berlin, Germany, and that said collection be deposited in the Library of Congress and remain a part thereof, to be known as the Herbert Putnam Collection of Incunabula."

The ballyhoo for the passage of this bill would stagger any old-time professional lobbyist. The government-printed pamphlet, containing the minutes of the hearing, including all the lengthy letters and telegrams read into the minutes, makes up a very sizeable, as well as a very curious, document. Twelve men of prominence appeared personally before the hearing and addressed the committee at length. They were:

Charles H. Strong, secretary of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York; Dr. Pierce Butler, Newberry Library, Chicago; Dr. George P. Winship, associate librarian, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; Adolph S. Oko, Hebrew Union College Library, Cincinnati, O.; Dr. George F. Bowerman, librarian of the Free Public Library, District of Columbia; Dr. Edward F. Stevens, librarian, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; Dr. Otto Heller, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.; Lester Douglas, director of arts and typography, *Journal of Commerce of the United States* and *Nation's Business;* John Clyde Oswald, managing director of the Association of Employing Printers, New York; Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Washington, D. C.; Representative Ross Collins; and Dr. A. Edward Newton, the well-known book collector.

Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr arriving in New York.

To any one who reads the official report of this hearing, it will come as a surprise that, out of the 200-odd lobbyists for the bill, only a few persons seem to have examined the Vollbehr collection! And no one of them, including Representative Collins, had a clear idea of just how many items were supposed to be in the collection. Dr. Winship, at one point, wanted to know "where the number 4,700 came in"; his understanding was that collection was made up of only 3,000 items, Representative Collins explained:

"I might as well make an entire statement. When I first introduced the bill I knew just about as little about incunabula and the number that is in this collection as any human being on earth. I got the number 3,000 from a newspaper clipping, and the first bill went in at 3,000. Later some friend of mine told me there was 4,500 and just as a good American will always do, I reintroduced my bill with 4,500. Afterwards I happened to have the pleasure of meeting Dr. Vollbehr, and he just went up in the air, literally, over the proposition of 4,500. So he wrote me some time later, and he has since written Doctor Putnam, that this offer is to be considered as limited to 3,000 copies."

By letter, telegram, and personal testimony, many astounding estimates were given as to the value of the Vollbehr collection and some equally astounding reasons were advanced for its acquisition. Robert Williams, publisher of the Paterson, N. J., *Call,* in a letter 1,000 words in length set the value of the Gutenberg Bible, alone, at $1,000,000. Dr. Winship said $3,000,000 was, in his opinion, a fair price for the 3,000 items including the Bible, although he also testified that some of the same items in the Vollbehr collection had been offered for sale in Germany for about a dollar apiece and he had tried to buy them but Dr. Vollbehr had beat him to it. A. Edward Newton said that, by breaking up the Bible and selling it leaf by leaf, one could get more than $600,000 for it and added, "I am sure that this is its value today and not its value tomorrow. The value tomorrow might be twice that sum." Mr. Oko said that, if he were permitted to select 100 items from the collection, exclusive of the Bible, he would personally guarantee to pay $200,000 for those items alone. He added that Hebrew Union College library did not have the money in hand for such a purchase but that he would personally guarantee to raise it.

Mr. Oko also testified not only as

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to the value of the collection but also as to the philanthropic character of the seller and as to the "sacrifice" the seller was making in "presenting" his collection to the United States for so pitiable a sum.

There even seems to have been some misunderstanding, or no understanding at all on the part of some at the hearing, as to just what incunabula are. It was explained that the word comes from the Latin *cuna,* meaning "cradle" and that it referred to the infancy of printing, specifically to examples of printing, according to Mr. Newton, "before December 15, 1500," after which date printing became widespread. (In several of his interviews, by the way, Dr. Vollbehr said he was the inventor of the word "incunabula." The word has been in dictionaries for more than fifty years.)

The chairman tried very hard to pin some of the lobbyists down as to just what the items, aside from the Gutenberg Bible, consisted of and what their practical and cultural value was. He said some hardheaded Congressmen might ask questions about them and he wanted to know himself. The answers were remarkable—for vagueness. It seems that the collection contained some books on how to shoot dice, how to cast horoscopes, how to get along with your wife, how to make various kinds of liquors; some religious tracts and homilies; and some textbooks on astronomy, mathematics, medicine, and law, all in Latin,—and just some examples of job printing.

The truth is that incunabula, including Gutenberg Bibles, are not rare. There are 15,000 incunabula in Munich; 13,000 in the British Museum; 10,000 in the Bibliothéque Nationale, Paris; and 9,000 in the Leningrad Library. Nearly every library in the world of any pretensions, whether public or private, contains few or many incunabula, including authentic sheets from a Gutenberg Bible which was once broken up and separate sheets sold at $125 apiece. There are forty-three known copies of the Gutenberg Bible, of which twelve are printed on vellum and thirty-one on paper. The contention of lobbyists that the Gutenberg Bible and the other incunabula would be of great value to students of printing and to type designers is nonsensical, because there are excellent cheap facsimiles of the Gutenberg Bible available in libraries all over the country and there are innumerable books perfectly reproducing every type face ever known. Its practical value is that of the Hope diamond, and no more.

The Chairman said, "We must present to Congress the practical as well as the cultural side of the matter, and we have not, as yet, had much in-

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formation as to the actual worth of this collection, as viewed by a collector thoroughly acquainted with the whole range of the subject."

Mr. Newton said, "I shall be able to do that." But he went on to give some very remarkable reasons why he was able to do so: "For the record I may state that I am A. Edward Newton. I have three honorary degrees from three different colleges, but I never use them. I think of myself as a successful manufacturer of electrical apparatus. I have always been interested in the collecting of books. . . . I own, myself, only a few examples of incunabula. *My own field is English books. . . . I do not know and I am very glad to hear from Dr. Winship something as to the contents of this collection.* . . . (Italics mine.) I have not a very valuable collection of incunabula, because they are not in my line, but I do not hesitate to pay $10,000 or $20,000 for a book. A year or two ago, I bought a copy of Milton's 'Comus' in the auction room for about $12,000."

THIS was perhaps interesting enough as personal history but it had nothing to do with the question at issue, so the Chairman asked: "What would you expect, Mr. Newton, the Gutenberg Bible—this copy—to bring in the auction room?"

"MR. NEWTON: . . . the time will come when some richly-endowed institution or wise rich man would gladly pay a million dollars for this one book."

"The CHAIRMAN: . . . Some hard-headed fellow, perhaps, without appreciation of these things, is likely to arise and say: 'How much is that book worth now?' "

"MR. NEWTON: I should say about $600,000."

Earlier in the hearings Dr. George P. Winship testified that he did not see "how any one can understand what has gone on in Russia, and what came so near going on in Italy, after the war, without going back and finding out the way of living and thinking of continental Europe and all the peoples of continental Europe, who were the forebears of so large a part of our population, just exactly as our own history included a history of the British Isles down to 1776, I take it, and the Kings of England were our Kings."

Such reasoning is utterly irrefutable because it makes no sense whatever.

The bill passed both houses and President Hoover signed it. And so, at a cost of $1,500,000 Uncle Sam became the proud possessor of a Gutenberg Bible and some early printing doo-dads.

Rare book dealers winked but remarked that it was a good thing for the rare book market for Uncle Sam to become the greatest bull of all in it, particularly inasmuch as five months previous to Uncle Sam's plunge, the rare book market, along with the stock market, had collapsed and fallen flat on its nose. Besides, they argued, a million and a half is only a drop in the budget, and, with so many others feeding from the public trough, why not a bookseller once in a while?

But that was before it became known how Dr. Vollbehr spent the net proceeds from the $1,500,000.

That news came out rather quietly on Dec. 16, 1934, when Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts set forth Dr. Vollbehr's testimony before the House Committee on un-American activities.

Although Dr. Vollbehr said he had spent nearly all of the million and a half dollars in spreading pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic propaganda in the United States, he accounted specifically for only a comparatively small expenditure.

Did he use the balance to establish German credits in the United States for spy work and expenses?

Dr. Vollbehr testified that he entered the United States on a passport issued at Havana, Cuba.

Dr. Luther, the German ambassador, disavowed any connection with Dr. Vollbehr's activities, and on Dr. Vollbehr's testimony, condemned them and warned him to cease. It is customary for an official not only to disavow a spy but to offer him no protection whatever.

Soon after giving testimony to Representative McCormack and the House Committee, Dr. Vollbehr returned to Germany.

Uncle Sam *has* a book.

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Key to the Near East

TURKEY AT THE STRAITS. By James T. Shotwell and Francis Deák. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 196 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

EVERY amateur strategist understands the importance of the Dardanelles in the military and political situations in the Balkans and the Near East. If the Dardanelles remain closed to Allied fleets, the Germans and Russians can practically have their own way not only in Roumania, but also in Iran. Conversely, if Turkey will open to the British and French this gateway to the Black Sea, Roumania can perhaps maintain her precarious neutrality. The Reich and the Soviet will have to watch their step if they move into the key kingdom at the mouth of the Danube. Moreover, if the Western powers can send their cruisers into the Black Sea, they can cut the Russian oil shipments from Batum to Roumania and Bulgaria and thence to Germany.

Professors Shotwell and Deák have not attempted to prophesy as to what is going to happen in the Balkans and the Near East. Nor have they tried to forecast what role the Dardanelles may play in the war. What they have done is to give us an excellent historical background against which to project our own theories.

Although the volume covers the history of the Straits from the dawn of history to the present time, the authors have carefully avoided material which does not bear directly on the theme of the book: the control of the Straits. The result is a lucid discussion which conscientiously follows the theme. It is a timely addition to those books which help the reader understand the day-to-day conflict being waged over increasingly large areas of the Old World. The index is extraordinarily well done and the appendixes supply material about treaties that are essential to an understanding of the present struggle for control of the Dardanelles. This book should be a valuable addition to the reference shelf.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 320)

EDWIN ARNOLD
THE LIGHT OF ASIA

"I will depart," he spake; "The hour is come!
. . . . . I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name."

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NEW ENGLAND ODYSSEY

(*Continued from page 7*)

New England pattern correctly in his mind, and pages of his meditations are involved with social gradations, puzzlingly like and yet unlike his South. The Yankee aristocracy particularly impressed him, not always favorably. Yet he concludes that "they made—and make—I think the truest aristocracy America ever possessed"—a good deal, coming from a Southerner. His paragraphs are sprinkled with remarks about "gentlemen" and "rich gentlemen" and "little people" and "the poor." Governor Saltonstall, he concluded, is a gentleman, but he adds, "I had the sense that I must remember that not only was the first Puritan Saltonstall a gentleman, but also the first American gentleman Saltonstall was a Puritan." (Sentences like these which crop up suddenly in the pages are apt to bring the reader to a sudden stop.) At the top of all the New England pattern he sees the Yankee tradition headed by gentlemen and trustees, a tradition of saving and culture. He sees all the newer New Englanders conforming to it—the Irish, the French Canadians, the Poles, the Italians, and even the Bravas on the Cape.

This tradition seems to him firmly set, with the Yankees still at the top, controlling industry, finance, and education, although in many areas he saw the Yankee vanishing. There were the farms, for instance, in the open, non-industrial country, run by old people, whose children will not return to the homesteads. The forest was already creeping over countless abandoned acres and blocking up the cellar holes of farms. The libraries in small towns often impressed him almost as monuments left by a vanished race.

Even in other communities where the old stock was flourishing Mr. Daniels suspected that it had lost its force and its old power for leadership. We find him inquiring at Exeter Academy whether the school still turned out the same type of young men who had sailed the clipper ships. He was unable to get a satisfactory answer. When he observed the boys of Quoddy Village, built originally to house the workers who were to harness the tides of Fundy and now used by the National Youth Administration for the vocational training of New England boys, he was impressed by the high educational attainments of the youths and wondered, rather sadly, whether this could succeed in solving the economic problem. Nearly everywhere he saw abandoned factories, industry moving from the rich states to the poorer, because of labor costs and because of ineffective management.

When he finally returned to Boston, that city symbolized the whole problem of New England. The vast accumulation of capital, gained by generations through work and thrift, was leaving Boston and New England for more fertile fields, and the Bostonians themselves were leaving Boston and its high taxes for the comfortable "bedroom" towns in the suburbs and the great houses of Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street were being abandoned. Yet these same Yankees who were withdrawing their money were still striving to feed the people whom their industries had brought to the land, a difficult but inevitable contradiction.

"But the thing that puzzles me," Daniels said as he was leaving the State House, "is that, with need growing and industrial income falling, I don't see anywhere any such poverty as we have everywhere in the South."

If his book is sometimes confusing this may be because it reflects the confusion of a highly industrialized area which is losing its grip on its industries. He has explained that his book was written not by himself as much as by those with whom he talked and therefore it contains the conflicting viewpoints of all New England groping for some answer.

In the end Mr. Daniels looks upon the New England problem as a part of the problem of the whole nation—a more equitable division of national wealth.

His whole book is a provocative and thoughtful summary, but it might put greater emphasis upon New England adaptability. Somewhere behind the confusion which Mr. Daniels witnessed a new pattern may already be taking shape.

"Don't ever think New England is licked," Mayor Tobin of Boston told him. "It's not. Boston is not licked. It never will be."

And a good many New Englanders, with no other reason than a vague faith in institutions, which they can not even accurately define, will agree with him.

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More Thoroughly Lost

THE SHADOW OF ATLANTIS. By Col. A. Braghine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 288 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ADAMS

THE very first fact that one encounters in Colonel Braghine's book, in the preface, is the statement that "atlantological literature . . . consists now of more than 25,000 volumes." This is, of course, an exaggeration. His own bibliography, although it embraces some ten languages, numbers hardly more than two dozen volumes that might be classified under atlantology, while a careful bibliography of the subject, compiled in 1926, listed 1,700 items.

But, whether it includes seventeen hundred items or twenty-five thousand volumes, no one can help marveling at the enormous library that has been piled up, all but a thin layer of it in the past sixty years, on the slight foundation of Plato's fragmentary account in the "Timaeus" and the "Critias" of a long-lost and legendary continent in the ocean, west of the Pillars of Hercules.

Colonel Braghine is, it goes without saying, an Atlantophile. No one who doubts that Atlantis existed has ever felt obliged to write a book to prove that it did not. It is otherwise with those who believe that it did. They require at least a volume. We have read recently of one by a California author, still unpublished, which numbered, in its first draft, 850,000 words.

Were it not for the existence of the above work, which we have not had the fortune to read, we might assert that no one has ever brought together so many dubious and widely-separated facts from so many branches of science, exact and inexact, from so many and various times and places and peoples, and tortured so many meanings and analogies into them, all to prove a single hypothesis, as Colonel Braghine has done. But, however heavily Colonel Braghine freights his argument, it is never in danger of sinking, simply because it has no sides or bottom and can hold all that he chooses to load into it.

Practically every people ever known under the sun should, according to Colonel Braghine, look back to Atlantis as their cradleland. Not merely the Mediterranean peoples and those whose civilizations were erected on the borderlands of the Atlantic—Egyptians, Mayans, Irish, etc.—but, so widely does he cast his net, even the Japanese, as he proves in a discussion of half a page.

Any normal reader, coming upon Atlantis for the first time in this book, while he may wonder at the industry of its author and his ingenuity in dredging up facts from the darkest and most abysmal regions of so many sciences, will hardly be converted. He is more liable to feel that he has been made to sit down to a feast of shells, served up without sauce and with a distinct Sunday Supplement savor. Mr. James Bramwell in his "Lost Atlantis," an examination of the literature about Atlantis, published only a year ago, made us almost see the lost continent shimmering on the waves. Colonel Braghine only buries it deeper than it has been.

Finally, it would seem that at a time when men are watching with open eyes a cataclysm which is shaking our earth from centre to circumference, we might postpone further inquiry into the possible submergence of a prehistoric continent.

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9. "Bleak House," by Charles Dickens.
10. "221 B Baker Street," by Conan Doyle.

"Little War"

SOLDIERS IN THE SUN. By William Thaddeus Sexton, Captain, U. S. A. Harrisburg: The Military Service Publishing Co. 297 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY

DEWEY'S lightning stroke in Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, transformed the United States from the naive isolation of the Gay Nineties to an empire consciousness. The first overseas expeditionary force to another continent in the nation's history was gathered with much travail, transported across the Pacific, and landed haphazardly to take Manila and consolidate Dewey's victory.

Even as the scarlet and gold of old Spain fluttered down from Manila's bastions the situation changed. Led by Aguinaldo the Filipino people, long in revolt against the Don, turned on their new overlord, Uncle Sam. A gay adventure turned into a grim business of insurrection and repression, a "little war" that for four years was to employ more than 100,000 American soldiers who fought in 2,811 separate engagements, lost 4,243 killed and 2,818 wounded, and in turn killed some 16,000 Filipinos. Approximately 100,000 more Filipino civilians died of famine and pestilence, and the bill to Uncle Sam was some eight hundred million dollars.

Astounding things happened in this fantastic campaigning. American troops fought and won over terrific handicaps as they made amazing hikes, barefoot tatterdemalions in the steaming jungles. It was a lieutenants' war of minor tactics. And the lieutenants who fought it didn't know they were winning the World War. "A roster of the high command in the American Army during the World War," states Captain Sexton with truth, "is a roster of the lieutenants who served in the Philippines at the turn of the century."

The book is written in simple, analytic style, so severely repressed that the highlights crash through only by their own weight. But its all there—General Otis's desk-chair troop leading reminiscent of Kipling's "hampering, heavy-sterned old men," the heroic stature of Lawton, the elder MacArthur, Chaffee, and Young; the ebullient Bullard, the daredevil Funston; the massacre of Company C, 9th Infantry, at Balingiga, "Hell Roaring Jake" Smith's stern reprisals, the "water cures," the comfort furnished the insurrectos by misguided American civilians at home.

The story ends, unfortunately, with President Theodore Roosevelt's peace proclamation July 4, 1902. Captain Sexton is to be congratulated upon a valuable contribution to American military history, the first compendium of our early campaigns in the Philippines.

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Songs of the Pacific

HAITI SINGING. By Harold Courlander. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 273 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

THIS book is a welcome addition to the literature on Haiti. For one thing, it marks a period in which it is becoming normal to treat of Haitian life as something other than a collection of exotic rites and curious behavior presented to stimulate the jaded palate of the stay-at-home traveler seeking vicarious sensation. Again, it considers the songs, which are its chief reason for being, with not only full recognition that they play an important role in Haitian life, but also in such a way as to give a sense of the social setting of the music. Finally, this book affords definite information, for the first time, concerning the range of musical instruments employed by the Haitians in their dances and rites, thus rounding out in badly needed fashion the presentation of the music which the drums, rattles, and other devices accompany.

Mr. Courlander's work may best be described in terms of its organization. Beginning with a list of tribes which early authorities, particularly Moreau de Saint Mery, give as the African sources of the Haitian slaves, and a few comments on the nature of Negro life during slavery, Mr. Courlander moves to a discussion of the *vodun* ("voodoo") cult, which he regards as the most important single factor in making for the content, if not the style, of Haitian music. Here the organization of the cult, the rituals, which are the outer manifestation of its theology, and the ranking personalities which carry on the worship of the African gods are presented, together with an unusually useful discussion of what is customarily termed the "cabbalistic" markings in ashes and flour made by the priest in the course of most serious rites—the *ver-ver*. Then follows a consideration of the gods, the *loa*. This, again, is useful. The preceding material is then brought together by means of a description of certain *vodun* rites at Leogane, a cult center in the southern peninsula, while a final background chapter briefly indicates some of the non-religious sources of Haitian music.

In the presentation of the actual song material, we are given texts, translations, and cross-references to the musical notations which are grouped by themselves in the latter portion of the book. Noteworthy in the section giving the texts is the excellence of Mr. Courlander's translations from the *créole;* it is apparent that he has thorough mastery of Haitian speech. The transcriptions of music number one hundred twenty-six, an impressive collection under any terms, and they represent songs to all the most important characters in the *vodun* pantheon. The collection ends with a few non-religious texts and songs, such as the Rara and Pinyique and Martinique types. The book ends with several useful appendices.

Mr. Courlander has thus achieved a substantial contribution. One might have wished for greater attention to non-religious music, for despite the statement that *vodun* "does not monopolize life" but functions "much of the time as an implied thing, as a backdrop which exists as a setting for other phases of culture," yet the fact that religious music receives almost exclusive treatment must weight the reaction of the reader, already given but little opportunity to think of Haiti as anything else but a "land of voodoo" where sacrifice and dance overshadow all other aspects of life. It is also to be regretted that the author had his eye so firmly fixed on Africanisms in collecting his data. One can understand how African elements are, on the face of it, more intriguing than Catholic, yet it remains a fact that one can hardly evaluate any phase of Haitian life unless due cognizance is taken of the European elements that have mingled with the African to form present-day Haitian peasant culture. It is to be hoped that Mr. Courlander will take this fact into consideration when he works up his most recent collection of songs, for this recorded music will permit of a full musicological analysis that should take all contributing elements into account.

The book is beautifully illustrated, and has been given a distinguished format by its publishers.

"Cosa Desiderata"

A CONCISE HISTORY OF ITALY. By Luigi Salvatorelli. Translated from the Italian by Bernard Miall. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 688 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by GERTRUDE R. B. RICHARDS

WITH Romans, Venetians, Lombards, and Neapolitans still waving their local banners high above the Cross of Savoy, it is not surprising that a comprehensive history of Italy has seemed something of an anomaly. The few attempts made are not particularly successful. Balbo's "Sommario" stops with 1814, and is better as a commentary than as a narrative. Cantù wrote of the people apart from their institutions. Hartmann developed some intricate political theories which he tried to apply to a civilization that was definitely cultural. Professor Salvatorelli, however, has at last achieved the *cosa desiderata,* and with distinction. His scholarly approach, his really superb organization of details, his sound conclusions, and his ability to hold his reader's attention even through the dreary periods of transition, are excellences which few "concise" histories possess.

Italy has always been allergic to unity. Giving Roman citizenship to the inhabitants of the peninsula created no organic constitutional tie between the political center at Rome and the municipalities. The establishment of the Empire all but destroyed the Italic entity by emphasizing the

NO book by William McFee—since his CASUALS OF THE SEA—has had such a heart-warming reception as has "WATCH BELOW." Just as it relives much of the author's own youth, it relives the "youth" of ocean traffic. It is the story of "the golden days of steam," when the tramper's smoke covered the seven seas . . . It is the story of days that have almost, but not quite, come to an end...

WATCH BELOW

The Story of Tramp Steamers and the Men Who Sail Them

BY WILLIAM McFEE

OTIS FERGUSON said in the New Republic: "It is the wisest and straightest and most thorough analysis of the life of ships and the men in them that was ever written."

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Illustrated by GORDON GRANT

RANDOM HOUSE, $3.

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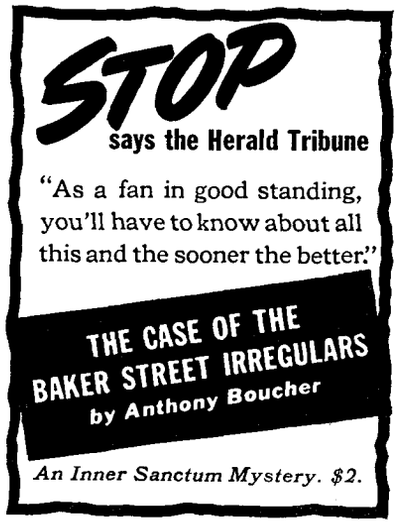
whole at the expense of the parts. The Lombard invasion split Italy into two sections, both governed by foreign feudatories. While certain communes with varying rights of self-government, emerged from the chaos attendant on a dying empire, these lacked any unifying ties one with the other, or any bonds with the dynasties of foreign origin in the north and south where the connections were manifestly stronger with the Transalpine world than with their own. Yet these communes, for centuries the dispensers of civilization to the world, brought Italy a far greater prestige than would have come through any form of government or extent of domain.

With the conquests by northern powers in the sixteenth century, Italy lost this cultural high-priesthood. Although the foreigners did not absolutely suppress the individualism of the pre-existing states, they extended their rule over most of the peninsula and exercised a preponderant influence over the rest. After the overthrow of the Napoleonic regime, the impulse to unity became manifest, but complex moral and material obstacles delayed the movement until 1870 when the first Italian state, in the modern sense of the term, was established.

This is by no means a political history; all aspects of civilization and all factors shaping them are discussed in their peculiar manifestations and in their relations to similar Transalpine movements. The periods of transition, usually dull as ditchwater, are clarified and given their proper place in the political and cultural sequence. The treatment of post-war Italy is terse and admirably free from any taint of propaganda. The whole volume from first to last, in theme and in treatment, is one of the finest bits of historical writing achieved under the present regime. The translation is adequate but there are occasional slips, such as the failure to discover *Champagne* in the Italic *Sciampagna;* there are also some typographical errors, none of them serious. The bibliography stresses critical studies rather than historical monographs.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says the Herald Tribune
"As a fan in good standing, you'll have to know about all this and the sooner the better."
THE CASE OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS
by Anthony Boucher
An Inner Sanctum Mystery. $2.

Farewell to Fury

REVOLUTION: WHY, HOW, WHEN? By Robert Hunter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 385 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE American Left is forswearing revolution at a rapid rate. Almost daily someone who had at least flirted with Marx announces his farewell to revolution. It would be unfair to class Mr. Robert Hunter with the bright young proletarians of the typewriter who cleaved so manfully to the party line only a few years ago. But in addition to a long experience as a social worker in such centers as Toynbee Hall and Hull House, he has been a member of the Socialist Party, and was once its candidate for governor of Connecticut. His was, then, the revisionist and parliamentary socialism of the old days, the socialism that was to make revolution unnecessary. His latest book, though it has not the bitterness of Mr. Max Nomad's recent attack on revolutions, seems hardly inspired by even the mildest socialism.

Mr. Hunter is pretty completely disillusioned. The latest schemes for remaking the world have caught up with him in California; but he sees through them. They are as old as history. "When the same old problems reappear they are always confronted by the same old reformers and revolutionists offering the same old "irrefutable" nostrums. An anthology of panaceas from the times of Joseph, accompanied by notes of results achieved, if read along with Aristotle's "Politics," would supply any legislator with all he needs to know." This last statement is perhaps at once too pessimistic and too optimistic. Wisdom of this sort has, at any rate, been rare among legislators.

This book is by no means a methodical survey of the history of revolutions. It has some interesting reflections on revolutionists Mr. Hunter has known in the flesh, mostly Europeans of the generation of Bebel and Jaurès. It has also some interesting sketches of historical parallels, and a good many suggestive leads for further study. Its chief contribution to the recent rather considerable literature on the study of revolutionary movements is its emphasis on the relation between certain economic variables and the stability of political arrangements. These variables are the price-cycle of inflation and deflation and the relative amount of the group income taken in taxes by the state. These two are themselves closely related. Heavy taxation may be said to bring on the revolution, inflation to make necessary the violence of the extremists. Mr. Hunter may indeed over-simplify his theory of revolutions. Furthermore, as he says with a regret that will be shared by many historians, with all our meticulous antiquarian research we yet know very little exact and solid about the history of prices. This reviewer inclines to the view that all monetary difficulties are essentially symptoms of troubles which lie beyond monetary theory. But he is also convinced that they are an important variable in most revolutionary situations. Mr. Hunter deserves our thanks for calling attention to them so emphatically and clearly.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
B AS IN BANSHEE *Lawrence Treat* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Arrogant Adirondack land-owner shot and incinerated. Two retainers also perish miserably. Professorial deppity sheriff finally corners desperate killer.	Invigorating mountain atmosphere and unconventional characters redeem yarn that opens well but explodes into fantastic melodrama before final revelation.	Agreeable
HOLIDAY HOMICIDE *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Rich realtor shot in luxury cruiser moored in East River. Private Investigator Moon and tough Boswell take over case.	Nut-loving Moon an odd fish among fictional sleuths. His quaint methods suffice to crack gory triple murder with aquatic climax.	Satisfying
MAIGRET TRAVELS SOUTH *Simenon* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Two complete stories, "Liberty Bar" and "The Madman of Bergerac," exhibiting chunky French sleuth at top of form.	Both plots based on sex crimes in sordid surroundings and handled without gloves. Maigret solves one from hospital cot!	For adepts
DANGEROUS YOUNG MAN *George F. Worts* (Kinsey: $2.)	Peter Banyard, fresh from West, encounters murdering gangsters and slinky socialites in bullet-riddled melodrammer of wild Manhattan.	Creaky old idea freshened up to look fresh and exciting by stiff injections of gun-powder, champagne cocktails, and torrid romance.	Quickie

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

SINCE FIFTY. MEN AND MEMORIES, 1922-1928. Recollections of William Rothenstein. Macmillan Company. 1940. 346 *pp., with index.* $5.

While this third volume of Sir William Rothenstein's Memories lacks something of the graphic and pungent quality of its predecessors, it offers much to reward the reader. The author's stable and friendly character has justly brought him the acquaintance and often the intimacy of his eminent contemporaries in many lands. In the present volume, to sample it almost at random, we glimpse Thomas Hardy, Kipling, Robert Bridges, Yeats, George Moore, Arnold Bennett, Max Beerbohm, Chesterton, A. E. Housman, Tagore, "A.E." (Russell), T. E. Lawrence, Jacques Blanche, Matisse, Walter Sickert, Augustus John, Wyndham Lewis, besides a host of minor poets and painters, not to mention such interesting minor figures as royalties, prime ministers, and college provosts.

But such apparitions are on the whole fleeting and insubstantial, since for the most part the author has chosen to present his friends in their own words in their letters to himself. Now it is written that one may know the lion from his claw, but it is doubtful that a casual letter or note is clearly marked by the claw of the literary or artistic lion who takes his pen in hand. The procedure largely deprives us of Sir William's notable gift as a portraitist in words, and leaves this volume rather an engaging *pot-pourri* than a coherent book.

Taken in this spirit, it offers much to the reader who will skim its pages perceptively. Naturally political conclusions should not be drawn from a nonpolitical book, yet Sir William's evident tenderness for Ramsay MacDonald, Earl Baldwin, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain has its symptomatic importance, for Sir William's is, on any British scale, an uncommonly robust intelligence. If he thinks it may be better to risk national survival than to assure it in any way that could possibly be regarded as inconsiderate, unseemly, or ungentlemanly, what must the upper and upper-middle classes generally have been thinking during the Munich years and earlier?

In this literary pudding plums really abound, but they have to be found. Has anything more cheering and more just been said on the perennial theme of old age than Yeats's observation as he and the author motored back to London?—"When I was young, my mind was a grub, my body a butterfly; now, in my old age, my body is a grub, my mind a butterfly."

F. J. M., Jr.

Current Affairs

WHY WAR? Essays and Addresses on War and Peace. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribner's. 1940. 323 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Dr. Butler has had so long and honorable a career as an advocate of collective security, and the recently published first volume of his reminiscences, "Through the Busy Years," contained so many interesting and hitherto unrevealed glimpses of the inner workings of American politics, that one naturally turns to his latest book with an eager anticipation of good things to come. And the keenness of one's appetite is made the keener by the promise of the title.

Unfortunately, "Why War?" belies both the hope and the promise. It is a collection of occasional—and often very perfunctory—papers and speeches—everything, apparently, that the President of Columbia University has said or written on the subject of war and peace in more than two years. Considered separately, each one of these essays and addresses is doubtless adequate to the occasion for which it was prepared. But when they are gathered together in a book the prevailing impression they leave in a reader's mind is one of repetitiousness.

Yet there are good things in the book. It is good, for instance, to see an American university president quoting Goethe to Hitler. It is good to be reminded that the sentence so frequently ascribed to Washington's Farewell Address is really to be found in Jefferson's First Inaugural. It is good to know that long before it happened Dr. Butler was predicting the Nazi-Soviet alliance.

But the good things are few and far between, and one must read through many different versions of what are essentially the same three or four speeches to find them.

V. F.

Travel

LET'S GO WITH BOB DAVIS. By Robert H. Davis. Appleton-Century. 1940. 452 *pp.* $3.

With millions of words behind him and over a million actual miles of travel Bob Davis has still the verve to write a new book on his adventures. Neither danger nor weariness will ever daunt this grandest of old editors, and boredom he never knows, as you see at a glance through the omnigenous index to these pieces culled from his column in the *New York Sun*. People, rather then places, have interested him, and he has a fine ear for anecdote. He tells of a Singhalese with strange power over elephants, of the seventy-five children of a Venezuelan dictator, of Two-step John of the Yukon who offered a girl her weight in gold and two-stepped half her pounds away. These are character sketches in the best Bret Harte tradition, and the tales of bears, mongooses, wild dogs hunting with leopards, show the animals as clearly individual as the author's human friends.

India, South America, Gaspé, Alaska, Puerto Rico revolve like a cyclorama before Bob Davis, who points out here the throne room of a ruined temple where jungle cats suckle their young, and here natives who still use a bow which few civilized men could pull. He gives more than mere vignettes; he gives some historical background to each of his tales and illustrates them with his own photographs. The book is uneven in quality, but the best of it is very fine indeed.

H. D.

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

LIKE everyone else, Old Q. feels pretty grim this week. There does not seem any comment on current events that is worth making, except that he found Alsop and Kintner's *American White Paper* very good reading. He had been assured by a number of readers that the booklet was "propaganda," but it did not seem to him to grind any special axe except to sharpen the reader's appreciation of how impossible it is for a democracy to move as fast as a dictatorship. ☞Trying to think of cheering matters, we are pleased that the new home of the Merriam Company, publishers of Webster's Dictionaries, will be ready for use next month. It will be big enough to give space for all the new and painful words the next five years will put in circulation.

★ ★

☞The Argus Bookshop (16 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago) is acting as trade distributor for *Reviewers Reviewed* by Otto Eisenschiml, an address delivered at the William L. Clements Library of the University of Michigan. This embodies Mr. Eisenschiml's very apropos remarks on the nature of historical criticism, and some good humor on what Thomas Hardy called "the knowingness of junior reviewers." ☞The flush of spring, reaching the Adirondack hills at last, lures Balsam Pilloes (the burned-over poet of the underbrush) from his cabin. His quatrain this year is:—

Poison Ivy in Spring

Pink like shrimps, or ears of rabbits,
Young poison-ivy tendrils climb:
Pretty as innocent young habits,
But they will kill the tree, in time.

★ ★

☞W. S. Hall, of Snyder and Hall, is on his way back from a South American trip, investigating markets for U. S. books. Mr. Hall, after visiting Chile, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, is now in Caracas. He expects to return to New York about June 1st. ☞ Our only method of getting some sleep lately was rereading O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings*. ☞Bob de Graff (the big man who sells small books) writes that the real originator of the leaning tower of books (for window display) was Charlie Marshall now of the Literary Guild. ☞Mr. De Graff puts it rather charmingly:—"It goes back to the old days when the Garden City Publishing Company was trying to get started, and I think Charlie felt that the success of the dollar-book undertaking could be best visualized by the precarious position of the books in a window display. Possibly it was his idea for the security of his job because he was at that time working for an uncertain individual named 'de Graff.' At any rate, it was and still is a very good stunt."

★ ★

☞The *SRL's* split-second reporter attended the opening of the American Booksellers' Association convention, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, on Monday, May 13th, this issue's press day. ☞Lobby rumor has it that Karl Placht, of the Beacon Bookshop, New York City, will be the next A. B. A. president. ☞The speakers at Monday's luncheon were Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt, who eloquently reviewed the 500 years of printing, 1440-1940; and Henry L. Mencken, who benevolently destroyed it all by quoting what celebrated men of the past said about the making of books. Samples:

John Webster (1608), "Ignorant asses visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books." Jean Jacques Rousseau (1762), "I hate books, for they only teach people to talk about what they do not understand." The Duke of Gloucester (1781), to whom Gibbon had just presented Vol. III of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: "What! Another of those damned fat, square, thick books! Always scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon?" Georg Christoph Lichtenberg (1799), "Books, nowadays, are printed by people who do not understand them, sold by people who do not understand them, read and reviewed by people who do not understand them, and even written by people who do not understand them." Thomas Carlyle (1839), "Books are a triviality. Life alone is great." Mr. Mencken's latest quotation was from Woodrow Wilson, *circa* 1900, "The chief knowledge that a man gets by reading books is the knowledge that very few of them are worth reading." Concluding, Mencken suggested that the whole matter be put over until after the war.

★ ★

☞The unique collection of 2,500 books on gastronomy and culinary science collected by the late Katherine Golden Bitting has been presented to the Library of Congress by her husband Dr. A. W. Bitting. ☞The most ingenious stockroom seen by Old Q. on his travels was that of Joe Estabrook at Horne's in Pittsburgh; cunningly concealed behind the show fixtures in his handsome book department. ☞The most luxurious drinking fountain in any book store is at Kauffman's in Pittsburgh, a pedestal of fluted stainless steel (or aluminum?) which Bill McGhee told us cost (in 1929) $250. ☞Old Q. is at his springtime rereading of Hazlitt, who said once: "I do not think the worse of a book for having survived the author a generation or two." ☞We were interested to note that the route-map of the American Airlines marks the birthplace in Indiana of Gene Stratton Porter.

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GENERAL

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Limited to the exchange of goods or services. Rate 10c a word. Remittance with order.

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PERSONALS

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts, if you enjoy the outdoors, a lovely 250-acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf! Outdoor Swimming Pool! Tennis! Nature Trails! For further details write A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

YOUNG LADY requires summer position; experienced traveler-secretary-companion. P. O. Box 67, Fairfield, Connecticut.

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FOR SEASON on Maine Island two summer places. F. W. Morse Est., Islesford, Maine.

Double-Crostics: No. 321

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-Z	2-Q		3-W	4-H		5-B		6-T	7-S	8-Z	9-J	10-K	11-C	12-N	13-H	14-W		
	15-T	16-N	17-H	18-O	19-F	20-R		21-V	22-I	23-F	24-U		25-K	26-Y	27-C	28-E		
29-D		30-U	31-R	32-B		33-O	34-D	35-F	36-S		37-X	38-Y	39-U	40-D	41-R	42-N		
43-S		44-U	45-E		46-L	47-X	48-C	49-J	50-M	51-P	52-Y		53-B	54-Q	55-G			
56-Z	57-A	58-F	59-P	60-B	61-R		62-G	63-I	64-P	65-R		66-G		67-Z	68-Y	69-B		
70-J	71-D	72-U	73-X	74-A	75-M		76-N	77-M	78-J	79-H	80-T	81-X	82-Y	83-C	84-V	85-D		
	86-A	87-L		88-N	89-H	90-E	91-T	92-D	93-X	94-A	95-F	96-O	97-R		98-I	99-E		
100-R		101-N	102-Q	103-J	104-P	105-B	106-C	107-E	108-K	109-X		110-J	111-L	112-N	113-C	114-E		
115-D	116-U		117-H	118-K		119-F	120-A	121-E		122-P	123-T	124-D	125-W	126-V	127-U	128-G		
	129-M	130-O	131-G		132-N	133-V	134-E	135-I	136-F	137-Q	138-H	139-O	140-A		141-U	142-F		
	143-Z	144-G	145-Q	146-C	147-Y		148-J	149-I	150-C	151-V	152-T	153-R	154-S	155-W	156-K	157-A		
	158-H	159-G		160-U	161-O	162-I		163-N	164-D	165-S	166-J	167-W	168-R	169-Q		170-D		
171-I	172-Y	173-O		174-W	175-K	176-L												

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Opera by Meyerbeer.

B. Peculiarity.

C. Quotation; summons.

D. Novel by Scott.

E. Addicted to suspense of judgment.

F. Messenger (ecclesiastical).

G. Congregation.

H. Scaly.

I. Bristling.

J. Gave notice (of).

K. "Golden Dustman" ("Our Mutual Friend").

L. Blow (slang).

M. Edible roots of Dioscorea.

N. Pleased; favored.

O. Incomplete work (Fr.)

P. Full of flavor.

Q. Shrew.

R. Villain of "Tale of Two Cities" (last name).

S. Turn inside out.

T. Scottish lake.

U. Divisibility.

V. Initiate in a secret system.

W. Character in "Twelfth Night."

X. Quick succession of slight sounds.

Y. Literature.

Z. Force out.

WORDS

140	57	157	86	74	94	120			
53	32	60	5	105	69				
146	83	11	27	48	106	150	113		
29	164	85	40	34	170	71	92	115	124
121	90	99	107	28	45	114	134		
142	35	95	58	19	23	119	136		
159	128	131	66	144	62	55			
4	17	79	158	89	117	13	138		
22	171	135	149	162	63	98			
103	70	148	49	166	78	9	110		
25	156	175	118	10	108				
46	111	176	87						
75	50	129	77						
112	163	76	101	88	12	16	42	132	
139	33	130	18	96	161	173			
104	122	59	64	51					
54	145	102	2	137	169				
100	41	153	97	61	65	31	20	168	
7	165	36	43	154					
15	152	80	91	123	6				
127	30	72	160	141	39	44	24	116	
133	151	84	126	21					
174	14	3	167	155	125				
81	73	109	93	47	37				
26	38	82	147	68	172	52			
143	56	1	8	67					

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any Matter, Person, Problem, Anywhere, World-Wide facilities. William Herman, 7-R Dey Street, New York.

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QUIET AND COOL. Five room house, on shore near Rockland, $200 for season. D. M. Davol, Pleasant Point, Knox Co., Me.

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DO YOU LIKE Mountain climbing, beautiful scenery, peace and quiet, swimming pool, tennis, over 240 varieties of birds and flowers? Do you INSIST on simple, wholesome home cooking? Is one of your "musts" extra comfortable beds? Then visit FERNCROFT—a "Mountain Inn Where Nature and Hospitality are Richly Abounding." 700 acres in the heart of the Sandwich Range. Trails to seven mountains START at FERNCROFT. $26.00 to $35.00 weekly. Write for booklet. FERNCROFT, WONALANCET, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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RANCHO LA MERCED . . . Wonderful place for writers, artists. Box 883, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills — offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, an open fire. Rippling brook. Ideal for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $21. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

A HAVEN FOR WEEKENDS, perfect for vacations. Off the beaten track, yet accessible. Tranquil stone homestead. Wholesome, informal living, memorable meals, congenial guests. The nicest vacation spots are small and booked ahead. With, without bath. Protestant family. The Farm on the Hill, Box 215, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

SIMPLE COMFORT AND EXCELLENT FOOD at The Firs, Sunset, Maine. Wonderful Scenery, Varied Recreation. Christian Clientele. Easily Accessible. Unexploited Deer Isle, Center of Penobscot Bay Resort Region. $20.-$25. Weekly, American Plan. Booklet. J. E. Knowlton, 6 Hawthorne Place, Montclair, N. J.

IF YOUR IDEA of a perfect summer is—a cabin of your own with its fireplace for cool days and porch for sunny hours with an everchanging view of lake and mountains in the privacy of an eighty-acre estate, every land and water sport . . . comfortable beds bountiful, appetizing meals served in a spacious glass enclosed dining porch, and congenial company . . . BIRCHMONT on Lake Wentworth is the answer to your problem. Rates from $26.50 a week. Restricted clientele. For further details, write Russell G. Hemenway, Box 21, East Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

YE LAKE-LOVERS! Scenery Lubbers!! Bar-Flies!!! That Pirate, Roy Duryea, ordains that you shift to Kay Rock for Memorial Day Weekend, where you will dig up the treasure of everything for the grandest good time you ever had—including breakfast till ten. Kay Rock, Lake Pocotopaung, East Hampton, Connecticut. N. Y. Phone CHickering 4-0467.

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FRENCH CONVERSATION. Modern Literature, Current events. Jeanne de Mare, 225 East 54th Street. PLaza 3-8241.

HEART OF WHITE MOUNTAINS—For Rent—Quaint, modernized 10-room farmhouse, furnished; all conveniences, fireplace, sleeping porch 30x16, garage; boat; fifty acres on lake and trout stream, Woodstock, N. H. Secluded yet easily accessible, mile from main highway. Ideal for family. C. H. Raymond, Lawrenceville, N. J.

SPACIOUS COUNTRY HOME completely furnished. Beautiful surroundings — with brook. J. M. Newhall, Ascutney, Vt.

HARWICHPORT, CAPE COD, cottage. Private beach, four master bedrooms, two servants' rooms, three baths, lavatory. Electricity, gas, garage. Season rental, Mrs. R. S. Gorham.

SUBLET—in Jericho Manor, Jenkintown (country setting, twenty minutes to central Philadelphia) June 28 to September 2. Duplex apartment, two rooms and kitchen downstairs, two rooms and bath up, cellar recreation room. Beautifully furnished (two grand pianos). $200 for the summer, includes everything. Robert Gerson. Ogontz. 1048 W.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 40, seeks correspondence with congenial gentleman. Suggested topics: books, consumer cooperative, interesting far places. Box 823-D.

VERY QUIET. High Altitude. One or two adult boarders in private family, $25 weekly. Mrs. Dorothy Wheeler, Willoughby, Vermont.

SUMMER'S COMING — won't you? To Appel-Rowe on Watchic Lake, Standish, Maine. 60 wooded acres, 6 saddle horses, 6 fireplaces in our 1776 farm house and guest houses. Usual sports; unusual comfort and good food at unusual rates—$16-$20.

IS THERE A YOUNG GIRL who would share Brooklyn Heights apartment with same? $25 and expenses. Worcester. 196 Columbia Heights.

POCASSET, CAPE COD. 7 rooms, modern improvements, pleasantly located, screened porch, boat, and garage. $300 season. M. F. Silva, Taunton, Mass.

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN (female), 32, with month's vacation beginning early July would like assignment; vacation more important than salary. Box 816-D.

FOR SUMMER RENTAL, New Milford, Conn., large remodeled Colonial farm, fine view, large acreage, pond. Box 817-D.

AMHERST SENIOR, 20, academic background, seeks summer position. Tall, excellent driver, can type; experienced in summer camp work; adaptable, dependable. Box 818-D.

FURNISHED APARTMENT, sublet June to September. $70 a month. Deposit. References. Three rooms, bath, kitchen, electric refrigerator; library 1,000 books. Cool, quiet. Harbor view. Roof sun-deck. Columbia Heights, Brooklyn; twenty minutes Times Square. Tel.: MA 4-5294. Box 819-D.

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TWO ACRES, suburban New York, 6 rooms, bath, studio, double garage; cost $18,000; owner blind, must sell; best offer cash, no matter how little, over $5,900 considered. If you dislike sidehill locations and untamed surroundings don't answer. If you like trees, magnificent river views, fireplaces, redwood paneled rooms, sound construction, you will like this bargain property. Box 821-D.

DO YOU PREFER PEACE, quiet and rusticity to the usual summer uproar? If so, a very comfortable, completely furnished farm-house, strikingly situated in Vermont hills, near Arlington, awaits you. Ten rooms, three baths, garage with extra rooms and bath, old barn with badminton court. View forty miles up valley, fields and woodlands, beautiful stream and miles of dirt roads. Rent includes care of garden by salty, trustworthy Vermont native. Rent really reasonable. Box 822-D.

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WRITING significant economic-social work. Help needed in research, rewriting. Prefer volunteers but may remunerate if circumstances warrant. (New York) Write fully. Box 824-D.

WANTED: A job for my best friend. Capable, cultured, intelligent, delightfully humorous, magnetic. Experience: construction work, electrical appliances, public utility, brokerage. Hobbies: welfare work, books. Only crime: his age—fifty. Box 804-D.

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FOR SALE: Thriving rental library in large West Coast city. Business established sixteen years. Partners' outside interests necessitate disposal. $6500.00 cash. Box 825-D.

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(*Additional* PERSONALS *on page* 23)

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